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PAST AND PRESENT  
WITH MRS. PIPER

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MRS. PIPER

The Psychic Series

PAST AND PRESENT  
WITH MRS. PIPER

BY  
ANNE MANNING ROBBINS  
Author of "Both Sides of the Veil"



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## PREFACE

The recent great wave of interest in Psychological Research has led me to believe that some account of my personal intimacy and psychic experiences with Mrs. Piper covering the past decade would be an acceptable contribution to the literature on that subject, and I have therefore prepared a brief account of experiences following those given in my previous book "Both Sides of the Veil." When the question of publication arose it was thought best to incorporate this new matter with that published earlier. My former book, however, is now some ten years old, and its contents, outside of the records of sittings, are very different from what is called for by the public's education in recent years. Therefore I have rewritten, with great abbreviation and some trifling expansion, the portion of it outside of the reports of sittings, presenting it and the later experiences in connected form and, so far as practicable, in chronological order.

While I wish always to preserve the attitude of an investigator, with eyes not blind to the

difficulties of the spiritualistic belief, it has seemed advisable to present the facts as they appear, with some explanation as to their significance, but not to becloud them by much theorizing. Should such presentation imply earnestness of conviction on my part, I shall not regret it, but I shall be pleased if my simple narration offers to others a basis for theory.

Part II of this volume, comprising my experiences since my previous book was published, is of course entirely new.

I wish to express my deep appreciation of the interest taken in my original notes by Mr. Henry Holt, and his valuable advice as to what portions of those voluminous records could best be omitted.

April, 1920.

PART I

EARLY YEARS IN MRS. PIPER'S  
MEDIUMSHIP





## I

### HIRAM HART, RICHARD HODGSON, GENERAL MARTIN, 1885-1908

My interest in Psychical Research dates from the early spring of 1881, and my opportunities for it have been in some respects unique. Therefore I feel that I ought not to withhold that experience from other seekers who may care for it. During all this time my daily work has been in stenography, and largely in reporting for the authorities of either the city of Boston or the State of Massachusetts. This occupation has fitted me to give a more exact report of my experiences with Mrs. Piper than has sometimes been given of the experience of others.

I met her for the first time during the winter of 1884-5. One evening I was invited with a personal friend to a family gathering of about a dozen people, among whom were Mrs. Piper and her husband. In the course of the evening she retired with one or two of her friends to a small room opening into the one in which the company was assembled, and, as I understood,

“went under control,” whatever that might mean; it was something new and strange to me. I think she had not then begun to give sittings outside of the immediate family circle, but was in the process of developing her powers. I heard some one talking in a low tone in the small room, and as I remember Mr. Piper told me that the poet Longfellow was supposed to be speaking through Mrs. Piper, and a little later in the evening that “Dr. Phinuit” had arrived.

Dr. Phinuit claimed to have been a French physician who passed out of the body twenty-five years before. While under the control of Phinuit, Mrs. Piper walked out into the large room, and the control addressed a few remarks to the company in general. I chanced to be standing with my companion near Mrs. Piper, and Phinuit [as Mrs. P.] put his hand on my shoulder and said in his emphatic way, addressing us both, “You are *very* harmonious.”

This was my introduction to dear old Phinuit of those early days. In course of time, despite many idiosyncrasies and crudities, he endeared himself to all with whom he talked. Some of them speak of him to this day in terms of familiar affection.

I lost no time in making an appointment for a private interview with Mrs. Piper, and my

notebook gives April, 1885, as the date of my first sitting. This antedates by some months William James's acquaintance with her, and it was he who introduced her, in May, 1887, to Dr. Hodgson. The hour was to me one of extreme fascination. Was Dr. Phinuit really a discarnate spirit, temporarily and partially incarnated in this woman's body? Whoever he was, he understood me. He seemed to know all about my good points, and to have a special knowledge of my failings; and from that time on he sustained the relation of adviser and friend. However, in the very earliest days of my investigations I laid it down as a working principle, *not* to follow the advice of any psychic which was *contrary to the dictates of my own judgment*.

I did not have frequent sittings with Mrs. Piper, but I had a number each year under the Phinuit régime up to September, 1895, with the exception of one season when Mrs. Piper was abroad; then, for various reasons, there was a break of several years, and in December, 1899, I had my first sitting under the Emperor régime.

My first Phinuit sitting, in April, 1885, took place about three months after the death of a friend by name Hiram Hart. [Not G. P.'s Hart. In old reports mine is called "H."]

Dr. Phinuit advised me to wait about eight months longer, saying that by that time I should probably hear from this friend. I waited, and I did hear from him, as it seemed, and I witnessed the interesting phenomenon of the gradual development of a new control: for in the course of a short time Hiram Hart succeeded in controlling the organism almost as well as did Phinuit himself, and during all these ten years he was my special communicator, though never occupying more than a portion of the time at any one sitting. [See Pr. S. P. R. XXXIII, pp. 289-290.]

A general account of these early sittings of mine is included in "Observations of Certain Phenomena of Trance," Pr. S. P. R. XXI, pp. 111-114. Hiram Hart has been a "friend at court" on the Other Side, keeping himself modestly in the background in later years, but appearing for brief moments whenever he could serve my interests or send me a message of remembrance.

Mrs. Piper builded better than she knew when she elected to reside at Arlington Heights. The place is one of the loveliest of Boston's lovely suburbs. For the dweller in the city, like myself, it was most restful to take a train in the morning at an hour when the tide of humanity sets toward the city, thus leaving the suburbs



quiet; to ascend to the top of the "Heights" through an avenue shaded its entire length by beautiful trees; to meet Mrs. Piper's serene face; to mount still higher to an upper chamber, lock the door, watch the psychic while she seemed to lose all consciousness of my presence, and then be free to commune with — whom?

It was in February, 1888, that I first met Richard Hodgson at the rooms of the S. P. R. at 5 Boylston place, Boston. He had come from England early in the preceding year, and established himself in the city, acting first as secretary of the old American Psychical Research Society, which in 1890 became the American Branch of the English Society, and he represented the latter organization for the next fifteen years. From that time on I saw him occasionally, not frequently. I communicated with him oftener than I saw him. I at first offered service to the Society in the line of reporting, and assisted Dr. Hodgson at times, sometimes gratuitously and sometimes being employed by him to make verbatim stenographic reports of sittings, or copy of records already made. I learned his methods, and became familiar with the technicalities of his system of keeping records of sittings with notes thereon.

I find that, as early as March 6, 1888, I re-



ported a Piper sitting for him, which he could not attend, and which I think was one in a series of sittings carried on by some members of the American Society at that time in existence; and in May and June of the same year I attended a short series of sittings given by Mrs. Piper for the express purpose of allowing Dr. Hodgson to find out what he could in his own way about the Phinuit personality. [See *Pr. S. P. R.* XXI, pp. 2-3 and 59.] We three met on successive Saturday evenings, Dr. Hodgson giving his time and his effort, I giving my report, and Mrs. Piper giving her services. This series was interrupted after the fifth sitting, but those five Saturday evenings were memorable, each one of us three entering upon the undertaking in the happiest of moods, and each one standing by his or her part of the agreement. Dr. Hodgson asked questions and tried various harmless experiments, or what seemed to him at that time harmless, such as putting salt on the psychic's tongue when she was in trance, to ascertain whether Phinuit was conscious of it in the trance, or whether Mrs. Piper was conscious of it on coming out of the trance.

In all probability the very first attempts at automatic writing by Mrs. Piper occurred in some of my sittings. [See *Pr. S. P. R.* XXXIII, p. 292.] The writing of May 23,

1891, was the first of any length. It was by the control Hiram Hart. Distinct messages were given, and I was asked to compare the writing with his own when in life. I was convinced of the appearance in it of more than one old peculiarity. Dr. Hodgson also made the comparison as an expert on handwriting, and would not admit that there was any similarity worthy of mention between the two styles except in the one capital letter "H." This he could not deny was very much like the old style.

I have only recently discovered in Part XXXIII, Pr. S. P. R., p. 399, a discussion by Dr. Hodgson of early attempts at writing, and a footnote which reads as follows:

"Miss R. (p. 292), whose friend was apparently the first to write at all, using the hand while 'controlling' the body generally, and also using the hand while Phinuit was controlling the voice, has shown me some of this early writing and some writing of her friend when living. Some peculiarities were common to both, but not enough to found an argument upon as to the identity of the communicator."

Previous to this date, December 8, 1888, Phinuit wrote my name and his name, and Hiram Hart wrote his own name. The two styles of writing were quite dissimilar.

I have three words written by the Hart controlled at a still earlier date, on July 2, 1888.

All three of these instances antedate the occurrence of any writing of which I have ever seen any account.

In the winter of 1892-3 came the extremely interesting series of sittings arranged by Dr. Hodgson for the express purpose of obtaining further communications from that remarkable personality, George Pelham, who died in the preceding February, and made himself known to some of his friends within a few weeks after his death. The history of the early G. P. communications, as they are called, is given in detail by Dr. Hodgson in Part XXXIII of the S. P. R. Proceedings, February, 1898. The sittings of this series took place in the evening, when I was able to attend as reporter.

In September, 1895, I had my last conversation with Phinuit, though at the time I did not know that it was to be my last, or I should have felt that I was taking leave of a faithful old friend. There was an interval of four years during which I had no sittings. Mrs. Piper was ill a portion of the time, and was not giving sittings, and when she did give them I was not knowing to all that was going on in the affairs of the trance. I learned later that in the course of the year 1897 Phinuit was displaced by other controls, and a new régime was established. I thought my connection with the





RICHARD HODGSON  
IN HIS FIFTIETH YEAR





Piper work had come to an end, whereas the truth is that by far the most important part of it was to come.

In the fall of 1899 I resigned my position in a city department, and, though free from routine work for a period of three months, I occupied much of that time in making copy of some of Dr. Hodgson's very interesting records. One day while this work was going on I received a note from Dr. Hodgson saying that I might have a sitting. On December 20, 1899, I went to the Heights, Dr. Hodgson accompanying me. I was practically introduced on that day to the group of personalities on the Other Side who have been, as it appears, managing the communications from that side ever since. "Imperator" is supposed to be their leader, "Rector" the amanuensis and interpreter, who controls and looks after the organism generally while the psychic is entranced, "Prudens," "Grocyn," and the "Doctor" members, all evidently assumed appellations. To this group George Pelham, F. W. H. Myers, and one or two others have apparently from time to time been added.

At this first sitting under the new régime, my old friend Hiram Hart again appeared. Dr. Hodgson left the room temporarily while I conversed with my friend. It seems that he

had not progressed out of remembrance of me, but the moment there was opportunity he was on hand. He asked if I knew that he had been calling me for a long time, but seemed to understand the reasons for my absence.

The method of communication on this occasion was by writing. My friend made some of his peculiar H's, and when I said: "Hodgson doesn't believe in those H's, does he?" he replied: "I do not know or care; I know I am I . . . and that is I am Hiram Hart."

There were statements made to me at this and a second sitting occurring a few weeks later, which proved in the light of subsequent events to be very important, and to which I shall refer later.

In 1894 Augustus P. Martin was appointed to the chairmanship of the board of police of Boston, and came to the office where I had already served nine years. I had never previously met him, though I knew him by reputation. He was an ex-mayor of the city. The five years of his term of office as head of the police department were full of responsible work for him, and I was allowed to have my share in it as one of his assistants. During those five years I seemed to be living under a sort of paternalism, different from anything I had ever known. I have heard his occupancy of a public

chair characterized as "dignity, sweetness and light." But with all his gentleness of manner and kindness of heart, his mentality was original and forceful.

The General — for as such he was popularly known — left the police department in the spring of 1899, and in the fall of the same year I also gave up my position. The association seemed to have come to an end, but at the very close of this year he was offered another city office, that of water commissioner, which he accepted, taking up his duties at the beginning of 1900, and shortly after I was appointed his secretary, and the old association was renewed.

My second sitting under the Emperor régime, which occurred on Jan. 17, 1900, made a deep impression upon me. After a few lines of script the pencil was dropped from the psychic's hand and the voice taken, and for nearly two hours conversation was carried on. It was my first experience with Rector's use of the voice. His style differed so greatly from the familiar style of Phinuit, or even from that of Hiram Hart, that I realized at once that I was conversing with a different individuality. He was dignified, kind and sympathetic. I thought myself a stranger to this group of spirits, but they seemed to know me through and through, and saw in me capacity which I only half recognized

myself. The period of fourteen years in one spot, just then ended, had seemed long and difficult to me, yet Emperor now called it "only a short school for thee." So brief evidently do the decades seem to the discarnate eye which takes in the wider span. But the most important statement made to me by Emperor on this occasion, in speaking of my again being associated with General Martin, was the following:

"We see thee and him writing a book *together*."

I asked: "What about?"

"It is concerning the natural things in life and many different conditions of thy life, which will be put together in a form of philosophy. *It will be so* in spite of anything which thou may'st think to the contrary."

Emperor thus seemed to be definitely marking out my path for me, and on a later occasion, when I remarked to him that I did not wish to publish a book simply from a sense of duty, he replied:

"Friend, to write a book, it is thy doom or duty, one and both combined."

I did not speak of this particular matter to General Martin. I told him, however, that it was said we were yet to do some special work



together. But one day in March, 1901, he was taken ill and obliged to remain at his home. He was, however, continued in office, and for another entire year it devolved upon me to travel back and forth frequently, almost daily, between City Hall and his residence in the suburbs, getting his signature to papers and taking back his orders. The hot summer of 1901 dragged wearily along and the General's spirit flagged, and not until Jan. 22 of 1902 did I have another sitting, and from that time on I was constantly receiving through Dr. Hodgson messages from Imperator and Rector and sending messages to them. For, although the sick man whom all these messages concerned knew almost nothing about Imperator and his group, the latter apparently took a very great interest in him. Notwithstanding all this, and in the face of the definite prediction that we were yet to do more work together, General Martin passed out of the body on March 13, 1902.

A few days after this occurrence I particularly instructed Dr. Hodgson not to mention my name in any way at the Piper trance. I felt that, as matters stood between myself and the trance personalities, there had been, to say the least, some misunderstanding and confusion, and that the only dignified course for me to

pursue was to ask no favors and abide my time. I thought this my opportunity, too, to test once more the value of what had seemed to be a close relation between myself and personalities whom I knew only as a part of the Unseen.

No word or hint came for me during the remainder of that season, and almost another whole season passed when one day, May 21, 1903, at a sitting of Dr. Hodgson's, in one of those significant mutterings of Mrs. Piper when coming out of trance, when she seems to be returning to her body, taking last glimpses of people in the spirit whom she designates as "white people," while those to whom she is returning appear to her "black," she said:

"General Martin says he is coming here pretty soon to speak — Martin — love to — this is a pretty dark place after all."

Nothing more until Dec. 15 of that same year, while arrangements were being made for future sittings, the following conversation took place between Rector and Dr. Hodgson, Rector's words being quoted from the automatic script, Dr. Hodgson's being enclosed in the round brackets: —

"There is a spirit here who calls constantly for a lady in the body whom he refers to as —"

[Hand enquires of Spirit?]

"R o b b i n s."

(Yes. She will doubtless be rejoiced to



come. She said long ago that she was waiting for anything that came.)

"This is Emperor's arrangement for the spirit who spake unto Him to give him relief."

(Yes.)

"Emperor hath referred to it several times and called our attention to it but He hath not really commanded us until now, as He hath been assisting the spirit."

"Wilt thou attend to this friend on the earthly side and appoint for a meeting with us on the third after coming?"

(Yes, I will.)

["Third after coming" means the third day after the coming Sabbath.]

A sitting was then arranged for me, to take place on Dec. 23d, about twenty-one months after General Martin's passing out. Behold, my old friend, business associate and employer appears, communicates as clearly and strongly as if he had had many previous opportunities, instead of having had none, and at this very first opportunity says:

"I want to know if you don't think we could manage to write a book?"

And later, on the same occasion:

"I have had this on my mind ever since I came into this world, and I would like to have it carried out."

Still later:

"It has got to be. It is a thing that I am bound to have."

I ask:

(You mean that you are bound I shall publish a book?)

The reply came:

"Literally, absolutely, out and out, with pen, paper and ink, write a book and publish it, and I am going to be the inspirer and instigator of it, and we are going to write that book together just as sure as you live."

Was it then true that the line of work marked out four years previously was after all to be pursued? Surely nothing had occurred in the meantime to prevent such collaboration *except* — death!

My sittings with Mrs. Piper continued from that time on, taking place, however, rarely. I was directed from the beginning to withhold some of my communications from Dr. Hodgson, although I gave him the greater part of them. He did not always understand why the controls assigned a certain day to me in preference to some one else who could give more substantial aid to the investigations that were being carried on in the name of science, or some one who, perhaps, received better communications and more evidential matter than my own. But

he came in time to obey implicitly the wishes of the trance personalities in making arrangements for the different sitters, and I am told that he was heard to remark in his emphatic way, in regard to an appointment for me: "*If they wish it, so it shall be.*"

On December 1, 1905, the many friends of Dr. Hodgson were astounded at seeing in the morning papers the announcement of his sudden death, which occurred the preceding evening while he was playing handball at his boat club: for up to this time he was thought to have been in almost perfect physical condition.

The day of his death happened to be my opportunity at Arlington Heights. I had a sitting in the morning, and he died in the very early evening of the same day. No hint of what was to take place reached me from the Other Side. Mrs. Piper was much shocked by the occurrence. I spent an hour at her bedside on the evening of the day after the death, and she related to me a most interesting dream which she had had the preceding night. It was, in brief, as follows:

She seemed to be approaching a large dark tunnel. At its entrance, appearing from the inside, stood a man who waved his hand at her with a motion which seemed to say: "Keep back, do not enter this tunnel." She related

her dream early the next morning to members of her family, remarking as she did so that the *hand* looked like Dr. Hodgson's and its peculiar motion was like his. It was not until after she had told her dream that the morning paper containing the news of the death was laid upon her bed.

I immediately interpreted the dream to signify that Dr. Hodgson's first thought on finding himself in the other world was to impress upon Mrs. Piper that her work was not yet finished, even though his guidance of it had come to an end. This interpretation certainly harmonizes with a message which, later in that winter, at one of my own sittings, purported to come for Mrs. Piper from Dr. Hodgson himself. He said:

"Will you give my love to Mrs. Piper and tell her that I wish her to *cling to the rigging*, and tell her to go on unceasingly, untiringly, and everything will win out."

During the winter of 1906-7 Mrs. Piper was in England, giving sittings under the auspices of the Society. The winter of 1907-8 she spent in Boston, and I was called early in the season for a sitting.

I do not think that the mental attitude toward the Emperor Group which Dr. Hodgson finally came to hold, was generally known



among his acquaintances until after his death. This attitude was clearly and beautifully expressed in two letters addressed to me in the latter part of 1901, the originals of which I still have. After his death these letters were circulated among his friends. Even William James, referring to them in a note addressed to me on March 22, 1906, said: "I confess that I never knew his religious attitude toward the Imperator-Band to be so complete."

Those interested are referred to a memorial of Richard Hodgson by Dr. James H. Hyslop, *Am. S. P. R. Journal*, Vol. I, January, 1907; and to memorials by Mrs. Henry Sidgwick and J. G. Piddington, *Pr. S. P. R.* LII, Vol. XIX, February, 1907.

## II

### VOICE COMMUNICATIONS FROM GENERAL MARTIN

#### EXTRACTS FROM REPORTS OF SITTINGS, 1903-1908

It should be understood that after the close of the Phinuit régime nearly all the communications coming through Mrs. Piper were in automatic writing while she was in deep trance, generally with her head on pillows, turned away from the hand which held the pencil. It was only at an occasional sitting, or for certain sitters, that the communications came through the voice. Many prefer the automatic writing, and for scientific investigation it is considered, I understand, more valuable. The writing can be preserved and the communication cannot be disputed.

However, the writing itself is not by any means the whole story, and in order that it be perfectly intelligible, all questions and remarks interjected by the sitter must also be accurately recorded. Nor is this all. The story is not then complete unless one knows how to make



notes of and interpret more or less correctly the various and significant gestures of the hand, which appears to be sensitive and alive, as if an actual intelligence were seated in it.

I have a great mass of communications and can only publish extracts. I have decided that it is best to confine the extracts for this period almost entirely to one personality, giving the talk, which in a voice sitting has much fewer breaks than occur in writing.

When scientists first undertook the study of mediumistic phenomena, the particular test was considered the all-important thing, and comparatively little attention was paid to anything else. More recently, voluminous and characteristic talk on the part of a communicator has been considered valuable and even evidential in its way. Professor Hyslop in his *Science and a Future Life* [p. 269] says: "What we must have is psychological phenomena, and psychological phenomena of that kind which represents the systematic mental action natural to the person whose existence is in question."

I am not offering my communications as "evidence" in the strictest sense of that word. I am offering them simply for *what they are*, leaving it to the reader to judge them as he will.

Omissions of single words or brief phrases, which do not in the least affect the sense, I have not indicated. Some personal references must be omitted in any case, and such omissions are indicated by dotted lines. All remarks enclosed in round brackets are my own, those in square brackets are not a part of the sitting but simply my explanatory notes, and the remainder of the record represents what is said by the communicating spirit.

The language of Imperator and Rector, as reported here and elsewhere, contains some passages whose grammar, and some other features, are not up to the exalted character claimed by them. It is not for me at this point to attempt to account for this apparent failing, but I wish to say most emphatically that my reports are correct. Whatever may be thought of these expressions, they are not to be attributed to carelessness in reporting.

Scientific laws are simply statements of truths that are found to be general, and each reporter and commentator should call attention to whatever matter in the reports in hand is found to characterize reports in general. I give informally some such points. Moreover, such uniformities as can be found have the benefit of a cloud of witnesses.

Mr. Henry Holt, in reading these communi-

cations to-day, has written me certain observations which I am glad to introduce here: for I am sure that they will lend an added interest to the passages referred to, and, while I am fully in accord with them, I prefer that they be attributed to him. He says:

“In these reports, as in most mediumistic communications, the descriptions of heaven generally correspond with the ideas that were held by the communicator on earth. As has been more than once suggested, these peculiarities should not necessarily be held to invalidate the reports, but rather to indicate that each emancipated soul finds, within limits, a heaven to suit itself.

“Here, too, occur some of the frequent statements that there, to desire anything is to realize it. Apparently what one wants, assuming the desire to be a worthy one, is at once supplied, the mind itself apparently realizing its desires without external aid.

“It is interesting, too, to note the repetition of the general testimony that the spirits best developed on earth fall into the new conditions most readily.

“It is also interesting to note here, what has often been found in other reports, that the communicators claim that the emancipated souls understand each other without words — that

our imperfect telepathy here becomes perfected in the next state.

"The individual opinions of mediums or of sitters regarding metempsychosis seem to crop up frequently: for the alleged testimony of communicators regarding it is conflicting. The communication from General Martin, on pages 94-5, is one of the most rational that has yet appeared on that subject.

"The statement on pages 96-7 regarding age and growth is supported by many similar statements from other communicators; also the one, on page 100, regarding the danger, or possible detriment, to the spirit, of too frequent communication, notably in Mrs. Hester Travers-Smith's *Voices from the Void*.

"The authority of Imperator and his companions, on pages 110 and 116, conforms with authorities through sundry other psychics.

"The apparent blending of General Martin and Hodgson, on page 125, commented upon by the author there and on the following pages, is extremely interesting: for it seems to illustrate a phenomenon frequently noticed, of the blending of minds, most frequently noticed perhaps between sitter, medium and communicator. With this, compare what has been said of the telepathy superior to other communication on the next plane."





AUGUSTUS P. MARTIN  
IN HIS FIFTIETH YEAR





## EXTRACTS FROM REPORTS OF SITTINGS

SITTING OF DECEMBER 23, 1903

*Rector controlling*

Art thou here? Art thou present?

(I am.)

In God's holy name we greet thee this day and this hour. We sent for thee to return to us that we might make all clear to thee, bring messages from those who seek thee on our side and teach thee the divine and holy will of God. Hearest thou me?

(I do. I am glad I have not been dropped from the fold.)

Dropped, friend? Not one lamb who cometh unto us, who seeketh us in the highest, who have faith in God, will depart from us or will we allow them to drift from the fold unprotected or unguided. Thy friends on this side hath sought thee often.

(Friend?)

Friends. They have sought thee, they have

called us to seek thee, to find thee out, to bring thee unto us and unto them. Hearest thou me?

(Yes.)

Friend, oh those of little faith know not the workings of the Allwise. . . . I am Rector, servant of God. I bring to thee first thy friend known as Hiram.

[My old friend of early sittings, who passed away in 1885, known in old reports as "H." There was some talk here which I understood to be by Hiram Hart, but, while in the earlier years he talked very naturally, his style being very unlike that of Rector, at this time the two personalities were so much alike that I could not clearly distinguish when one left off speaking and the other began. It appeared later, however, that Rector brought Hiram Hart, and the latter came to introduce the friend who had never before made his appearance. For he said:]

I am bringing another friend who seeks you, who knows you as you are. He would speak also, but the awakening of his soul was the most remarkable I have ever known. I sought him and found him. He sought me. We found each other. We are together. We clasp hands, we are friends.

(Yes.)

They call him on our side "General."

(I see.)

I know not his other name so well, but he is known by this and we call him this, and he is happy but longs to meet you. Do you hear?

(Yes.)

Now here comes the General. Will you speak to him?

(Oh, I should be delighted.)

[What immediately follows I understood to be the first words that came from the later acquaintance, who passed out about twenty-one months previous to date of this sitting.]

### *The General*

I want to see you. I want everything to be understood between us, and until it is I do not feel satisfied. Can't you help me? Can't you see the obstacles in my way?

[A few brief phrases only omitted here.]

Can't you see that God's will was better? Oh, you are not so weak as I thought in your belief. Why didn't I know better? Well, because I was grappling with the world. That is it.

(Is this Hiram talking, or is he talking for the General?)

No, he is talking for the General. He is

quoting the General's words. You remember the little poem,

Tell me, ye winged winds  
That round my pathway roar,  
Do ye not know some spot —

[Words not all correctly caught here, but these are the first lines of the verse he was trying to quote.]

You remember that?

(Yes.)

You remember,

Some lone and pleasant dell,  
Some valley in the West,  
Where free from toil and pain,  
The weary soul may rest?

(General, you used to repeat a lot of poetry, didn't you?)

Oh, I forgot,— yes, I did. I have found that peace, that rest, the beautiful awakening of the spirit.

. . . . .

I have longed for a talk with you, but I did not understand the conditions.

(Yes, I have been only waiting patiently for you to come.)

You have called for me in your spirit. I knew it and felt it, but I could not reach down



until the conditions were arranged for it. Do you know what they all mean? Perhaps you know better than I do. But these good priests [who] opened the way, who showed me the Light, opened the door for me and here I am. Would to God you could see me as I am! I am quite the man that I was, only my ideas are all changed. They are more now I think in harmony with your own. . . . Oh, it is beautiful, it is ideal, just over the river, lift the Veil and you know all. Tell me something of yourself.

. . . . .  
But oh, why was I so blind? It was because of the thickness, the thickness of the flesh.

(General, do you know what I am doing?)

Yes, I know it well. Do you mean the nature of the work, or the private work?

(I mean this minute.)

This present minute?

(Yes.)

Why, aren't you registering something?

(Yes.)

I can see your hand move and I can see your spirit, too, so plainly, and the spiritual hand guides the material hand, and it seems as though it was registering something. Is it what I am saying?

(Yes.)

Well, that is natural.

(Well, I guess so.)

That is natural, and how rapidly you worked with that for me. I shall never forget those days.

[This of course refers to the eight years of association in public office, and especially to the first five, when I reported hearings, conferences, etc., at which he presided, and also wrote much at his dictation.]

And do you remember the last time I saw you in the body?

(Yes.)

You remember what you said to me? Do you remember saying "I think you are getting better?"

(I think I said that, that time.)

[I said this many times to him during his illness, and probably said it the last time I saw him.]

Yes, you did. You were so hopeful and you helped me so much, but I could not tell you all I felt. Do you hear?

(Yes.)

[It was generally understood among those who were near him that my hope for his recovery was stronger than that of any one else, though no one else knew the ground for my

hope. Strong prophetic statements had been made to me, regarding future work, etc., which involved his life, and which, it seemed to me then, could not possibly reach their fulfilment if he died.]

. . . . .  
Can't you speak to me and tell me something of yourself?

(I will speak slowly so that I can register it.)

["Register" is a term used from the Other Side, which I adopted.]

All right. Do you remember coming to me and telling me about your belief, and do you remember I said I would like to accept it, but I did not know, I did not understand?

(I knew that was the way you felt.)

But I felt that all through. I could not understand it. I do now. What fools we are! But those few who seek light, and light is given them, are blest, aren't they?

(General, do you remember the very last words that you said to me?)

The last words that I said were — I think I said — didn't I say I should see you again and ask you to come out?

["To come out" is exactly the right expression. His home was in the suburbs of Boston, about six miles from the center.]

(Well, you expected me out the next day.)

Oh, I said good-by to you. I said "good-by, come to-morrow," "I shall see you to-morrow," or something — I can't remember the exact words, but that is the idea. What were they?

(The very last words that you said were "good night." You said that just as [naturally] as though you were perfectly well.)

Yes, I remember saying good-by to you. I remember thinking, looking forward to see you again. Then what was the next thing? Then I passed over —

(Yes.)

— between that time and the time you — did *not* come again. Tell me a little about that. That may help me to come.

(Do you remember you used to sit in a chair?)

Oh, yes. I remember one thing, I remember sitting with a blanket over my knees, over my body.

[He sat that way nearly all the time day and night for a year, not being able to lie down during the greater part of his illness, and he was rarely without a blanket over his knees, even in the warmest weather.]

[There is a little further talk here about the conditions of his illness.]

(General, do you remember —)



How far away are you now from here?  
You seem quite a little distance away.

[I had not been quite close to the psychic. I moved a little nearer and put my hand on her shoulder.]

(My hand is on the medium's shoulder.)

I suppose it is because the flesh divides us.

(Do you remember that I used to bring messages through this same channel?)

Oh, I remember there was a friend of yours, a lady in the body — now who was she? I can't think what her name was, but she lived somewhere in some other town, and you used to go and see her and then come and bring me messages from the priests who are helping me now. But I can't remember who she was, but I remember the messages perfectly, the nature of the messages, and they really helped me. They gave me great encouragement, and that is all I needed, was encouragement, until time helped me over.

[Arlington Heights, where Mrs. Piper then lived, is about eight miles from Boston center in an opposite direction from where his home was.]

What was you going to say about the messages? Oh I wish you knew how I felt, how light I am, how I can see, how I can read and how I can move about, how free I am from

encumbrance, how clear my mind is, how really supremely happy I am. You would be delighted for my sake.

(I never wanted to call you back.)

Good! You knew too well how I suffered. But tell me about the children. I would like to know a little something about the children.

[There is quite a little conversation here about members of his own family about whom he seemed eager to hear, and he asked if I had been out to his home since he passed away.]

[About six months after the General died a grandson about two years of age, who was named for him, passed away. Another grandson was born on Dec. 16, 1903, just a week previous to date of the present sitting. I knew only of the fact, did not know what the child was named, or whether it was named at all. But in giving him information about the family into which this child was born, I say, referring to the father of the child:]

(And he has got a new baby. Did you know that?)

Yes, the little one I knew about. . . . It is just the little details of the material life which I cannot grasp and [in] which I long to have you help me, but the actual life, and the actual life of the children, and all that,

is well known to me, but the details of the material life I cannot see.

(Do you remember little Augustus?)

Oh, yes. Tell me about him.

(Do you know where he is?)

Well, I know about the little one that came over. I know him. He is with me and we are very happy together. But didn't he name the other —

(I don't know what he has named him yet.)

Hasn't he called him Augustus? He has, I am sure, one of the two names. But his first one is with me.

(Now I don't know whether he has named him Augustus or not —)

Well, he has.

(— so that will be a good test for me.)

That is one of his names.

(I will find out about it.)

And some time you can speak with me about it, but meanwhile I know it is true. But the little fellow followed me very soon, didn't he?

(Yes.)

I knew, and I was so glad to have him come, and he is better off here, much better off. In fact, it is all right. I have no words of complaint to offer.

[I ascertained afterwards that the new baby was named William Everett, but his mother

told me that they *called* him Augustus nearly all the time. He seemed to take the place of the little Augustus whom they lost.]

Are you getting along all right in the world?

[I do not reply immediately.]

(You know I want to take this all down, and that is why I am a little slow.)

Oh, I see. Well, don't hurry. There is no hurry in this world. I see a light burning, and at the end of that light I am talking, and when the light begins to go out, of course I must go. That is, I can't talk with you, but I shall be with you just the same and you will be conscious of it. Are you getting along as well as when I was with you?

(Oh, about as well.)

Do you have to work hard?

(Well, I have to work every day.)

But not any harder?

(No.)

I am glad. I would like to see you a little free for a few hours in what we used to call day, and have a little leisure for rest and reading up on subjects concerning the advancements of a higher life, and it would be so much better if you could, so much more helpful. And yet the body has to be fed, I know. It has to be clothed. I know that and don't forget



those things in my experience, but still there is a great deal beside that. That is nothing, that is only the covering.

(Well, I have been told that I should be free some time, but I do not see much prospect of it now.)

Yes, I do. I see all round you light, which indicates more rest, less hard work, and that is the reason why I spoke to you,—if it was not very near you. It must be, I can see it so plainly.

Will you tell me now if you are really having any rest?

(A little in the evening, that is all.)

Work all day?

(Yes.)

Isn't it daytime with you now?

(I got off. I got excused.)

But that is something new for you.

(Well, I managed it.)

I mean, it isn't a thing that you — you used to stick pretty well.

(I would not get off for anything but you, to come and see you. I would give up everything for that.)

Oh, yes. Are you really physically well?

(I am quite well, and trying to be very well.)

[I mention some slight physical ailment.]

Well, don't you know you must be out in the air a great deal? You must go what we used to call walking, and be out in the air a great deal, too. You can get out. Don't confine yourself to the four walls of your room. Now that is my advice. Can't you go up to the library? You remember the library. Go up there and get a little reading matter. Take the walk to and fro. Go back and read a little, take in a little study. That will help us in the work and that is all you need to do. Eat slowly. Don't hurry so. Take plenty of time and be careful what you do eat. That is my advice to you. I am a little weak just now and my thoughts begin to tremble.

(Are you speaking through the medium, or is Hiram interpreting for you now?)

Hiram is doing it for me. I could not take possession of the medium yet.

(Can you do it some time?)

Yes, but not just now. I am trying to understand the laws and the workings of the machine, and they put me up here so I could see. Just like a schoolboy being sent to the board to figure out a multiplication table. I am set up here, I am held here, and there are three clergymen, one behind me and one on either side of me, holding me up here and telling me to talk, and I am talking to Hiram,

and Hiram is repeating it after me, and I am trying to do a sum in geometry. That is just what I am trying to do. And since I am not fully equipped in that problem perhaps you can understand something of the difficulty.

(I think you are doing wonderfully well.)

But I can hear you, and so long as I can hear you and get my thoughts over the line clear, that is all I want.

(General, as far as I have heard, you have done wonderfully well for the first time.)

They have been preparing me for months and months to make me understand it. They have put me up here and taken me away again. They have held me up and showed me the Light, and said, "do this and do that, and see this and see that," and shown me the details, and the ins and outs and the whys and wherefores, and why shouldn't I learn something after having it hammered into me all that time. Then I said, well, I must reach her. It is an utter impossibility for me to [let go?] until I do. [I will] move heaven and earth, but I must reach her. And they said: "Wait, you have got to learn. You must go here with us, you must stand on this side, hold up your hands, bow your head, speak in this kind of a way, speak slowly, articulate distinctly,"—but without the preparation there

is a good deal of confusion. But they are very, very good to me, and they know — what they don't know about the details of this Light is not worth knowing, I assure you that, if you can grasp me. With your clear mind you can grasp it pretty well, I think.

[There is some talk about the private work and he expresses himself very emphatically.]

(General, you are just as positive as you used to be, aren't you?)

[The psychic seemed to smile.]

Perhaps you would not recognize me if I was not. Well, I have retained my individuality, thank God. Do you know where Poland is, Poland [hesitating only a moment] Springs?

(Oh, I guess I do.)

Do you remember about it?

(Yes, indeed.)

Well, I don't think anybody except ourselves —

(Why, they know where it is, of course.)

But I mean I had an interest in it. I mean I loved it.

(I know you loved it much.)

You might go there some time. You know it came into my mind as soon as could be.

[The place where the famous Poland Spring is located is the one spot on earth that he



loved. He was born about three miles from the hill on which the large hotel now stands. He was always supplied with the water and thought it the finest water in the world. There was no thought of the place in my mind when he made reference to it.]

Here is little Augustus. Don't you see him?  
(Is he here?)

Yes, as happy as a bee, just as busy. He is a dear little fellow.

(Give him my love if he understands it.)

Well, I will. He will be glad to have it. Do you remember rubbing my arms?

(Yes.)

Well, they don't need rubbing any more, thank God.

Now before I get too weak — you know this is quite an effort for me for the first time — before my thoughts begin to wander, have you got any especial question you wish to ask me about my life, about anything —

(Well, General, I want you to try and think up some of the details of the last moments, or rather, after you passed out, the first few days.)

[I referred to details of what happened with me, or at his home, but my question is not clear.]

I know what it was. When I first passed

out my mind was cloudy, rather confused. I felt as though I was going into space, did not know where, drifting as it were, for a few hours — that was all — and then I felt as though there was a strong hand grasped me and said to me: "It is all right, it is all over." And I said: "What is over?" I could not seem to understand what it all meant, and after a little while, perhaps an hour, possibly an hour or two, I saw oh such a light! You cannot imagine it, cannot conceive what it is like. It is the most brilliant and yet the softest moonlight that you ever saw, and I thought, what a beautiful light it was! And all of a sudden I saw people moving about. I saw their heads, their figures. Then they seemed all clad in white, and I could not seem to make them out. They were moving in the air.

And I said: "What is this place? Where am I? What am I? What has happened?" It was all such a puzzle to me. When I get strong I will tell you about it. I can't tell you any more. Now what you want me to do, think over the few days —

(Before I come again, I mean.)

— and when I come back, to tell you what my experience was. I tell you one thing, the clergyman who is talking for me now was the

best friend I ever had, and he said: "Come along, it is all right, I will show you the way; it is all right, you will get over this confusion in a minute, and I will help you." And I said: "Who are you? What are you? What are you here for? Where am I? Where am I going? What am I doing? What does all this mean?" He said: "Never mind, it will all be clear to you in a few minutes. Just wait patiently and come with me." And he stood ready to welcome me.

(Well, who was he?)

Well, his name is Hart.

(Oh!)

He says: "I know who you know, you know who I know, now we will be friends together, and this is all right; I have had experience and I know, and I will explain it to you in a few minutes." I thought I saw the doctor bending over me and I wanted him to get away. He seemed to be in my way as I was going out. I wanted to get away from him, and all of a sudden I was going through this misty, cloudy way, and then I went past [possibly "fast," word not caught] until I got to this light, and it was like going up, up, up in the air, in a balloon as it were. You could not conceive of anything more strange and beautiful, in a sense — the confusion was

not so beautiful, but because it was so I could not seem to retain my consciousness and could not seem to be released from the burden that hung over me, and all of a sudden, the moment I realized that this hand was on my arm, then I began to see clearly; and from that moment I have been advancing and going on, and I have seen everybody I ever knew, and I have had the happiest time you could imagine. I have a mansion all my own and live in it just the same as you live in your place there, just the same. I have walls, I have pictures, I have music, I have books, I have poetry, I have *everything*.

(I see.)

It is not a *facsimile* of that life, but that life is a miserable shadow of what this really is, and when I get strong, as I become stronger, and,—that is, more accustomed to using this line, I can tell you more clearly about it.

Well, it has been, oh, I can't tell you what it means to me to see you. I can't tell you how you have cleared my mind. I can't tell you what you have done for me. Now I am going to repay it all back by turning and working for you.

[It was early morning when the General died. His doctor was not present. Two of his sons were present and must have been bend-



ing over him, for as they were helping him back into his chair which he had left for a few moments his strength gave way entirely and he passed out shortly after.

Hiram Hart was not a clergyman in this life, but he came in time to be spoken of at the sittings as such and I was told that he had become one. Although he passed out nine years before I became acquainted with the General, he seems to have been the latter's guide through the misty passage that separates the two worlds.]

I think I shall have to go. How long have I been here?

(Nearly an hour.)

An hour in the earthly world? Well, I don't know how long that is, but I am too weak to remain; that is, I am afraid I can't use this Light any more.

[A few words of farewell. Then, in a most natural, persuasive tone, as if addressing a child:]

Come, Augustus, you come with me, dear, and we will go and find some play toys. We will have a good time together. Come with grandpa, come along.

[Then as if addressing me:]

He is going.

*Rector returns*

It is I, Rector .

(I am glad to see you, Rector.)

I have returned, friend, because our Leader said to me to keep the passageway clear and keep all right. Friend, all is right in thy world with us this day. Thou hast good conditions for us. Art thou aware of it?

(I am glad to know that.)

[I had a long talk with Rector, during which I asked:]

(Is the General coming here much through this medium?)

At times he is. He is a marvelous personality and he has a very clear mind, and he has a very earnest desire to work for God and humanity.

[It must be remembered that the spirit known as "Rector," the so-called "control," always appears at the opening of a sitting and again at its close. Sometimes there are long conversations with him, much spiritual advice is given, and quite often messages for other persons are received by the sitter, or messages from other persons are delivered by the sitter to the trance personalities.]

*Close*

SITTING OF MAY 24, 1904

[Soon after the opening of this sitting Rector introduced to me a personality purporting to be a physician, who held a long conversation with me in regard to my health. He told me that he formerly lived in Boston, that he was in Paris when he passed out, that he had been gone possibly a year or two. I afterwards ascertained that a physician by the name given, one with which I was not familiar, had lived on Beacon St., Boston, and died in Paris early in the preceding September. This explains reference to "the doctor" in opening remarks below.]

*The General*

[Psychic coughing.]

Well, I wonder if there is anybody wishes to see me!

(Hiram?)

No, my name is Martin. I want to see Miss Robbins. Is she present?

(Is this you, General?)

It is . . . I am delighted to see you, that goes without saying. Well, how are you?

(Oh, I am pretty well.)

You look splendidly. I saw the doctor, I met him. As I came in he was just going out.

By the way, I want to give you a bit of advice. Whatever you do in that world, don't overdo. You know I was a great one to preach.

(Well, no, I don't think you were.)

Well, that makes me laugh. You know I don't think I did preach very much, but I am going to preach now. I am going to tell you to take care of yourself and the Lord will take care of you. What are you doing?

(Now I want to take down every word that you say and what I say.)

Well, you can do it, you are equal to it. I will try to be as slow as I can. Well, are you pretty well?

(Yes, pretty well, I am going to be better.)

You want to get some of these friends over here after you. I have been studying into this thing, studying the laws of our nature — that is, its problems on our side — and I am perfectly delighted with the conditions. I am perfectly delighted with the thought of returning. I seek you out and follow you night and day. I am often standing by your side when you don't realize it, and I stand there and laugh at myself to see how utterly unconcerned you are in regard to my presence, but I say but if her spiritual eyes could open and she could see me as I am I know she would be delighted. By the way, haven't you a sister?



(Yes.)

She has just passed through some sorrow in the earthly world?

(Yes.)

What has been her sorrow, her loss, has been somebody else's gain. Because she had, well, I think it is a husband — . . .

[I have a sister whose husband passed out in the early part of this year, only a few months previously. I have other sisters, but do not live with any of them. This particular sister had just been spending some months with me. My communicator had met her once or twice only in life, and was not at all well acquainted.]

[I think I asked at this point if he was talking through Rector, my question not being recorded.]

Oh, Rector is holding the Light. I could not, they would not allow me to do that. Not quite now, but I may be able to later. But they have to support the Light, some friend has to look after it.

(Do you want me to tell you a few things, just the same as if you were here?)

Just the same. How is Everett, by the way?

[Everett is one of his sons, now living.]

(Everett is well. I saw him a few days

ago and took supper with him and his family —)

[Interrupting]

I know it. I know about the children. You know there is a little one over here. We are very friendly with each other, and just as near to each other as we ever could be.

[There is more talk about his son, and I ask:]

(When do you think it would be well to send a message to him?)

I think it would be perfectly safe to do it, — well, we will say in a few months.

[Further talk on same line]

Don't you remember the talks we used to have together about this thing? And then I was a little skeptical, I could not seem to take it in. But I have taken it in to my satisfaction.

[I relate to him a story of something that transpired during his last illness, of which he was entirely ignorant, something which involved a reference to a number of his old friends, most of them well known public men.]

(Do you think you would remember any of the names if I should mention them?)

I think I should. Many names have gone from me, naturally, and new ones have come up to me. Names of places, names of people

whom I knew in the mortal world, have gone from me to a certain extent, and as I go on they go still farther from me, but I shall never forget you. I remember when I was suffering so, I remember the little councils we had together, and they have lasted in my memory and will to the end of all life.

(General, it seems to be the real spiritual sympathies that you remember only —)

Yes, well, those are the vital ones, those are the real ones. And when you understand better the conditions of life and the conditions of passing from that life to this, the changes in the life as it were, you will understand more clearly what that means. But until then it will be difficult for you to understand it fully. I have got to go out a moment — you will excuse me — I must go for a little change. My thoughts begin to wander, and if I stayed you would be displeased with my wandering thoughts, so I will just go out and get refreshed and return instantly.

[Silence for perhaps a minute, possibly not as long.]

Are you still here?

(Yes.)

I feel better now. I want to know about the help to my family. What help have they now?

[Some talk about family omitted.]

(You remember that you thought you knew the name of the new baby, and you said it was Augustus; well, it was not Augustus, but the mother told me that they *called* him Augustus nearly all the time —)

Yes, that is what led me — what is his name?

(It is William Everett. They call him Augustus when they speak about him.)

I heard it so much I felt sure it was his name. Now I want to know how you are getting on and what you think about our writing that book.

[Immediately reverts to family again.]

(General, shall I tell you one or two more things before you speak of the book?)

Yes, you might.

(There was a man in the State's prison — you know — you used to see him sometimes with your old friend Chase —)

Oh yes!

(— and when you passed away he found it out and got together a dollar or two and gave it to some one and asked him if he would buy a rosebush and put it on your grave. I wrote him a letter after that about it, and now he is out of prison, and he came to see me to thank



me for the letter and express his admiration and love for you.)

That is very beautiful, very beautiful. I am very glad to hear that. Who was he?

(Oh, he was some old burglar or something, nobody that you cared anything about — )

[I apologize to-day, 1909, to whom it may concern, for this thoughtless reply.]

But had a heart?

(Yes, had a heart. Now do you remember how you used to lecture on Gettysburg?)

Oh, yes, I do; yes, I do very well.

(Well, after you went away I got your speeches and put them together and made a nice good complete copy, as well as I could, and your wife has one of them and I have one. Did you know anything about it when I was doing it?)

Well, yes, I knew the outline, but the work itself, the actual work as it was going on, I could not fathom. But I knew the work concerned my mortal life and things that transpired in it. But the nature of it I could not define. We know generally what takes place in a general way, but if we were to define it, condense it and give utterance to it, it would be difficult. But such is the law of this life.

Remember, now, if you could see me you

would say I was a mere film, and you would say, "how transparent and peculiar and how light and how strange you look to me;" and you would say, "where is your body? you look like a shadow, as it were," but still I could talk with you, we could converse with each other, and you would be surprised to see how real I am. The passing out is really beautiful, just after you once get beyond the border, it is perfectly beautiful. You know the meaning of the word heaven? Well, it is heaven indeed. But the coming back is a little confusing at first and we have to learn.

(I think you are good to come back from such a place.)

Well, I have attractions and you seek for me and I find you. Don't get nervous, keep calm, we shall have time to say all there is to say.

(Did you know anything about your funeral at the time?)

Yes, I knew it and saw the body and saw the flowers. I saw the way in which it was laid out. I saw — don't you think it looked well? I looked as though I was asleep, don't you think so? And I don't think the face showed suffering — that is, the clay did not show the suffering, the body itself — but I felt, oh, I was so pleased to be out and away

from the atmosphere, I felt so choked and so distressed for breath, and the moment I was released from the imprisoning body then I could breathe perfectly. I felt,—I could not describe it to you.

(Well, you had a beautiful funeral and a large one, and do you remember your old friend Horton, the minister?)

[Rev. Edward A. Horton, who conducted the funeral service. They were familiar friends.]

Yes, yes, very well.

(I wrote him and thanked him for all he said, and thanked him for you, too. Was that right?)

Beautiful, that is beautiful! What did he say?

(Oh, he wrote me a very nice letter, and he said if I was satisfied he thought it must have been satisfactory to others, because I was so close to you and knew you so well.)

That is beautiful. I can only say to that, Amen.

[Only one or two remarks of a personal nature omitted here.]

(Now I will let you say what you want to.)

I want to say this, that when you are working I sometimes dictate thoughts to you, and it is surprising to me to see how clearly you

register them, and I think sometimes you are surprised to think that you have done what you have, and if you just stop and give me a thought you would know why it was that you did those things, registered those thoughts. Sometimes there seems to be a barrier between you and your thoughts, they are not clear, and they seem to be a little obscure, and then they clear up [marvelously], and you have always attributed that to the condition of your own brain, and now if you just give me credit for a little bit of help you would do the right thing. Not that I am egotistic, but the point is that I am really with you. And I want to say one thing, that you have not grown old in spirit and not in the flesh. It looks so clear to me, so free, so bright and so young, and I think your body looks the same. I can't see much change. Yes, I think you look about the same. I can't see the body so clearly as I can the spirit.

(Do you know how old I am?)

[A brief talk about age omitted. He thought me older than I then was. It was evidently the comparison of ages which carried him back to old associations, for he immediately followed it by saying:]

You remember how we used to talk in the



office there? Where is that office now? Is it there? Is the building gone away?

[Referring, I presume, to the office of the Board of Police in Pemberton Square.]

(Not that I know of. You mean where we were so long together?)

They are going to remove it and put another in its place.

[This matter was talked of as long ago as when he was there, and I think he had plans in his own mind for a new building. The particular building in which the old office was located has not yet (1909) been replaced by a new one, although new large buildings have recently gone up close beside it.]

(They had to get another lady there, couldn't get along without the ladies.)

I know they did. That is very funny. Do you ever see anything of Hanscom?

(Oh, why yes,—I don't see him often, but he has a good place there and is well and comfortable. I am so pleased that you should think of his name.)

I could not help thinking about him. All of a sudden I thought of him, and I have seen him several times since I passed over. I have seen him discussing something there with another man in the office, and my mind reverted

back to the office and the conditions until I happened to think of him. He was not well at one time, but he is better now — that is, since I passed over.

(Perhaps you like him better than you used to?)

Because I see his principles.

(I don't believe you quite understood him.)

I didn't.

(But I did better than you did.)

Yes, . . . but I did not understand what his active principles were. If you have an opportunity I wish in an indirect way, if not direct, I wish you could mention me to him, will you? Tell him that you have met me.

(Perhaps I might have him call on me, but I don't want to give too much of you away, you are too precious, but I think he would be pleased to hear what you have said about him.)

Well, tell him that I appreciate all his efforts and everything that he did a great deal better perhaps now than ever. And I would like to have you tell him that for me. I don't want people to think that you are losing your mind, but I think you are far more capable of keeping your mind by finding me perhaps than others, than some of those who perhaps would not listen to it. So we will keep that a secret between ourselves.

(You better leave that to my discretion, about seeing him.)

I will.

[Orinton M. Hanscom was formerly one of the higher officials in the police department. In 1888, after a protracted hearing on charges preferred against him, and a decided disagreement among the members of the board in regard to the case, he was discharged from the force. I have memoranda in shorthand under date of December, 1888, to the effect that Dr. Phinuit, the early control of Mrs. Piper, predicted to me that Mr. Hanscom would sometime go back to his old position. In March, 1889, the prediction was repeated, that he would go back to his old position or to his old surroundings. He was out of the department six years. In 1894, after General Martin became chairman of the board, his case was reopened and he was reinstated in the department, being appointed to a higher position than the one he formerly occupied, namely, that of deputy-superintendent. There had formerly never been more than one deputy-superintendent, but now two more men were given that ranking, Mr. Hanscom being one of them. The General, therefore, had shown himself very friendly to Mr. Hanscom, but when, after the reinstatement, they came to be actively asso-

ciated, I think there was a feeling of disappointment on the part of the General in Mr. Hanscom. The latter was a man of rather broad outlook, with ideas of reform, which he liked to discuss, but his ideas did not always seem to be appreciated by his fellows or superiors. The General wanted his orders put into effect quickly, even though they might be difficult of execution. There was, therefore, this lack of harmony between the two men, which was perfectly apparent to me at the time. Therefore the remarks of my communicator given above, to the effect that he did not understand his active principles, but that he appreciated all his efforts now better than he ever did before, wishing to be remembered to Mr. Hanscom, are extremely pertinent. Some time after date of this sitting I met Mr. Hanscom accidentally and gave him the substance of the message, which he received with the courtesy habitual to him, refraining from criticism. Since then he has himself passed away.<sup>1]</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Since the above was written Mr. Hanscom has purported to return. This occurred at a sitting which took place on Dec. 16, 1908. The communications were suddenly broken off and I was told that a friend wanted to speak to me. I had no thought of any one but Hiram Hart, who I presumed was interrupting for a word of greeting. Rector stumbled a little over the name, but only a little, calling it "Hanson." Not till that moment did the thought of Hanscom enter my mind. I asked Rector to get the name exactly, and he spelled it out easily and correctly: "H a n s c o m —



[In conversation about my private work, where it would be best to spend my vacation, etc., I say:]

(Greenacre,— don't you remember I used to go there?)

I should approve of that at once, and sanction it.

[Reference to Greenacre will appear in a later sitting.]

Do you remember a woman you used to talk to me about in the body who used to have,— the spirits used to speak through her?

(Yes.)

[This refers, of course, to Mrs. Piper.]

Well, I want you some time to be in her surrounding when I am not speaking and see if I can reach you, see if the thoughts will be clearer to you. I think it would be worth while to try it, because I often reach over the line when I don't speak.

(Do you mean when the Light is not working?)

Orin. Don't you remember Orin?" It did not occur to me until after the sitting that the Christian name should have been "Orinton" and not "Orin." I do not know whether his intimate friends called him "Orin" when in life or not, but it is quite likely they did. There was a very brief conversation. He said: "What a happy ending to a blighted career!" Mrs. Piper, in her normal state, faintly recalled the name as that of some one whom she had heard spoken of, but said she did not know that he had passed to the Other Side. His death occurred in November, 1907.

When the Light is not working, when it is closed.

(We were together a while ago in an evening, but then there were a good many people about.)

I mean quietly, when there is nobody about except the spiritual intelligences and when we are not actually acting upon it, and I think ideas would come to you very clearly.

[I cannot say that any special experiment on my part was made in accordance with this request. Opportunities to be with Mrs. Piper alone, when not in trance, were rare with me.]

I have got to go out to get my breath. I will be right back in a moment, but I have to refresh myself.

[While the General is apparently *out*, Hiram Hart steps in, speaking hurriedly as if he had only a moment, and saying that he saw the other gentleman "going out," so thought he would "come in" and say "how do you do." As he appears to be going I say: "Oh, have you got to go?" He replies: "Oh, they have kept him so clear I want him to learn what I know." The other gentleman then returns.]

Well, I am right back here again. I met Mr. Hart and he told me he just wanted to speak to you a moment while I was refreshing

myself, so I said, "Go ahead and ask Rector if you can get in." Wasn't he a clergyman?

(He was not here, but he says he is now.)

Well, he is preaching and praying and helping all the people that come over this side — or the spirits — and he is a wonderful preacher and he has done a great deal for me, and I am glad to know him because he was your friend. They say it is not all gold that glitters, but there is a great deal glitters here that is gold.

(Well, he seems to admire you. He says you are very handsome.)

[Laughing.]

Well, I suppose he thinks so.

(You used to be here.)

Oh, you think so? There is no accounting for tastes, you know. But we have to accept those things. He is a good soul and I like him. He has done, I say, a great deal for me, pointed out the way a great many times.

(Now, General, I will let you say what you want to, but you were going to tell me something,— what happened just after you went out, either on this side or on your side. Give me some new ideas, will you?)

Yes, I will. You know the actual passing out of the body, there is a little feeling of, sort of depression, as it were, and then when I passed out, just as I passed out, I began to

feel uplifted. I felt as though the air was filled with perfume, and I was [soaring], rising, rising, rising above my body until I passed behind simply a veil. It is thin. It blinds your vision. It obstructs the vision for a moment from the earthly world. Then after we have passed beyond it, why the music, the flowers, the trees, the birds, the lakes, the rivers, the hills, the gardens, the walks, are *perfectly magnificent, perfectly magnificent*, and nothing in the earthly world hardly can even correspond to them. And we are taken up by perhaps a priest, or man that acts in the capacity of what you would understand as a clergyman, and they say: "This is a state of transition. You are now in the real life, in the new life. You will not see the face of the Father for many, many years, but He will give you strength and power to go back if you wish and see those whom you have left behind." And the feeling of ecstasy is beyond description, and no spirit that ever returned to earth could begin to describe it for the understanding of the mortal mind.

And then I was surrounded by friends, by acquaintances, by old war veterans, by my intimate friends whom I know, members of my family and all, surrounded by them, welcoming me. Why, I felt as though I should be enveloped by them, the delight was so great, but



when I tried to call them by name I was at a loss to do so. They had to tell me who they were. I knew their faces, not one failed to me. I knew them and understood them well. I saw them and recognized them, but to call them by name, believe me, I could not. And when I tried to speak I found instead of it being an effort and difficult for me to speak, I found that my thoughts were understood, actually understood, and their thoughts were returned to me. There was a perfect communion between us.

And then I was taken — would you believe it if I should tell you? I was taken to an actual mansion. It would be what you would call a palace. There is a garden, walks about it. It is divided into rooms, actual compartments. I was taken to that and [they] said: "Here is your home; occupy it, live in it; have what friends you choose with you, what relatives you choose with you, and as those whom you have left behind follow you, you may welcome them to this home as you may see fit." Do you understand it?

(Yes.)

I went in and looked about me. I said: "Where does this music come from?" I walked through a corridor and turned into a room at the right and actually walked without fatigue, without effort; I simply glided in. I

saw beautiful pictures upon the walls, I saw beautiful flowers that we called in the body palms, growing about me. I heard this beautiful music. I stepped along to a window and looked out, and under the window there were fifty young, beautiful faces, all playing,—an orchestra. That was my welcome, that was my serenade, as it were. And they said: "This is heaven, this is the spiritual world. We greet you." I went to the window and as I looked out upon the orchestra they each one bowed and waved their hands, and yet the music continued. They were playing upon instruments, actual instruments, all in harmony, and I never heard anything like it in the earthly world. The music was divine. I said: "I would like to go elsewhere." I bade them good-by, as it were,—I just saluted them and passed along across the corridor back through the room, across the corridor into the opposite side.

I said: "Now I would like to see if it is possible, I would like to see flowers about me." I went to the window, and would you believe, the flowers appeared to me in masses, *en masse*, I might say, and I never saw such flowers. There were lilies, roses, violets, geraniums, carnations, azaleas, hyacinths, tulips, poppies, of every conceivable description, not all inter-

mingled, but each one in its own place. What could you find, what could one wish for better than that?

I said: "Now if it is wise and right that I should seek it, I would like to hear something that sounds like the voice of a bird." They said: "Come this way." I was surrounded by these beautiful friends and by clergymen — a good many clergymen there and they said some beautiful things — and they said: "Come to this window and see." But I said. "May I not hear them here?" I listened. In a moment the air was filled with the music of the different birds. Well, you have no conception of what that melody was like. I saw the birds. The birds were just as distinct, much more so than your own. The flowers are real, and as I go back to the mortal life and see the crudeness of it and see how I lived, the active energy and the active life that I then led, the energy which I put into that life, I wonder that I ever existed in it at all. Now you are not living in the real life. You are living in a dream, as it were. When you awaken from the dream you will live, in the eternal life.

[At this point an account is given of his asking to know something about Christ, to know whether he had been deceived in the

earthly world in what he had been taught about Christ, and a description is given of a certain vision that was vouchsafed him. I have thought best to omit this whole passage, except to say that at its close he exclaims:]

And I live to tell you of it!

I walked about, I felt,—it was strange I had no hunger, no thirst, no desire to eat, no desire for food, but I am sustained by the condition of the elements. The condition of the elements is such that we are fed and sustained and live by them. You can understand it perhaps vaguely if not clearly. You have a wonderful power to understand, or used to have. I think perhaps you can picture me and picture my home and picture my surroundings. At least, I make it as clear as I can for your understanding.

Now would you like to ask me any questions? Interrupt me if you wish to.

(Well, what do you do mostly with your time?)

Well, now I will tell you. What would correspond with your morning—we have no morning,—that is, it is all morning in a sense, in a way,—there is no daylight and darkness with us, it is all daylight—and what corresponds with your morning—I find that there are always entering into this life, there are



spirits entering constantly from your life, and each one needs help, needs to be shown the way, and I enter the multitude, the throng outside of my own home; I pass through, I see the veil uplifted, I see a spirit passing in, perhaps millions of spirits. And I was told when I entered it that I must make this life here useful by helping others and by reverencing God, offering up gratitude in a prayerful spirit to Him who created me and gave me the privilege of this life here. And I do that through the so-called day, without fatigue, with perfect delight, assist some one spirit or more who have left the body and entered this life. And until they are fully conscious and realize where they are — some are taken from us, we are not allowed to see them at all, they are taken into another sphere; those are passed beyond us, we have nothing to do practically with them — but there are spirits that enter our own sphere, and we each lend a hand, show them their homes, settle them in it, go back and help another, and we are constantly doing that.

And then I feel sometimes that I would like to help in something that corresponds with your writing. I find in my home everything for which I ask. If I wish pencil, what corresponds with your pencil, I have it. If I wish to write my thoughts I can write them,

if I wish to speak them I can do so, and every thought is granted, every desire is granted. And if I wish to lecture, as I often do, I can do so without fatigue, and it is helpful to those who enter this life. If I wish to write I can write, if I wish to walk I can walk, if I wish to sing I can sing, if I wish to speak I can speak. That makes the life, as you would understand it, perfect. It is a perfect life. And in order to live this perfect life you have got to live in that imperfect life, and the more you undertake to prepare for this life the less you have to go through when you pass it, and the clearer your thoughts become when you enter it. Have you got the idea? Would you like to ask me anything? There are instruments all about me, everything you can think of — harps, violins, bugles, trumpets, horns, pianos, spinet — do you remember what a spinet is? All those instruments.

(They are just the same as our instruments, only better?)

Only better. Everything is beautiful, and it is in a way, each article, object, as well as spirit, luminiferous. If the eye was opened to the spiritual and you could see me as I stand here talking with you, you could see every gesture I make, which is copied by Rector. He imitates me as I speak with you. You could

see me and see my home, you could see everything that I have in it.

(Then what do you do in the afternoon?)

Then in the afternoon sometimes I write a lecture, I go out and look at my flowers, enjoy them; I go and visit others, they visit me. I learn to play on the instruments, the different instruments. I am absorbed in music and I love the flowers and the birds.

Then I feel as though I would like to take up some intellectual pursuit, and then I begin, and I am studying with those who have been here longer than myself the actual conditions of this life and what go to make up the life here, and as I learn I give it out to others, interpret my knowledge to others. Therefore our intellectual capacity is unlimited in a sense, and constantly being educated. And it is a beautiful idea, is it not? And then all through what you would call evening, during the evening, what would correspond with your evening, there is chiefly music going on, entertainment and music. Then after that passes, what corresponds with your early morning or late in the night, there are lectures and concerts of all kinds and descriptions going on, so that our lives are completely filled. And then during the later hours of the morning, before what would be your daylight, every single spirit on

my side of the spirit life where I am [is] bowed in prayer for what would be at least two or three hours corresponding with your time, perfect devotion and a prayer.

(Then you don't have to sleep the way we do?)

Have no sleep, no rest. What corresponds with your rest is activity on our part. And then after the devotional exercises we are ready for what would correspond with your day for our work again. Can you conceive of anything more beautiful or more perfect, or more to the liking of a man with my tastes and my ideas?

(No.)

But man should live his allotted time in the earthly world to prepare to live and to live in this world, but if he takes his life intentionally or otherwise he remains in a sense like a little child here, or a germ, and he has to develop, unfold, bud and flower, and he must necessarily do so. Ask me anything you wish. I am so glad to tell you this because I want you to get some conception of what I am and what I am doing. This is not an idle, useless life here,—ah, no, not at all.

(How long does it take for you to come to me?)

[I meant at any time when I might think of



him or call him, but I evidently did not make my meaning clear.]

I would seem some distance from you if you could see me as I am. When you have a desire to speak with me — there are spirits here who know *every mortal on the face of the earth*; that is, the same one does not know, but the different ones know every mortal — and they say: “Here is a friend, I think she is a friend of yours; there the Light is beginning to burn, it is open; we have attached the ethereal cord and we will remove the spirit from the Light, take it to our world or out on the cord, attach the cord to the shell, as it were, fill it with our ethereal light, and you can enter into it and see if it is your friend, and if so follow Rector, follow those that are used to the cord and go to the end of it and speak over it to Rector, who is actually within the shell himself, and he will transmit your messages to your friend.” It takes in all, I suppose, of your time five or ten minutes perhaps for me to reach you.

[There is a brief talk about relationships, and I say:]

(You choose your own friends there, as here, don't you?)

Just the same.

. . . . .

It has been a perfect pleasure for me to see you again. Good-by. God bless you. Come and see me again. May God watch over you.

*Close*

SITTING OF DECEMBER 20, 1904

[During the morning hours of the date given above, while my sitting was going on, another of Mrs. Piper's sitters underwent a surgical operation of some sort. I had not been told that an operation was to take place, nor do I know to-day who this person was. Rector explained to me that Imperator was obliged to be absent from the sitting, that he had left Prudens in charge while he, Imperator, was "over and around the cot" of a member of the circle. Near the close of the sitting, which lasted two hours, I was asked to take a message to Dr. Hodgson to the effect that the operation had gone on well. I noted the exact time when this was told me and sent the message to Dr. Hodgson by telegram at the earliest possible moment. I afterwards learned that the operation had gone on well, and that the person operated upon was much gratified on being told at an early hour what came from the Other Side of the Veil in regard to himself, communi-

cated first to me, by me to Dr. Hodgson, and by the latter to the person concerned.]

*Rector*

[During the course of Rector's remarks I say:]

(Rector, wait a moment. Through whom is my friend going to talk now?)

He will try and speak direct to thee, if this be possible; if not I shall remain, as it were, a non-entity, giving his messages.

(You have allowed him to do that?)

Yes, I have, through the advice and command of our Leader.

(Now, Rector, my friend is really and truly here almost exactly the same as if he were in his own body, is he not?)

Almost the same, and if thy spiritual eyes could open thou wouldst see him standing here beside the ethereal cord, waiting his turn to enter into the Light upon the cord.

*The General*

Are you here?

(Yes.)

I am here to meet you. Oh how happy I am!

(Who is it? Don't be offended, will you?)

[Rattles off some lines of poetry, evidently some of the same words which came on the occasion of his first return, Dec. 23, 1903. I afterwards found the verse which he was quoting, which is by Charles Mackay, and runs as follows:—

Tell me, ye winged winds  
That round my pathway roar,  
Do ye not know some spot  
Where mortals weep no more;  
Some lone and pleasant dell,  
Some valley in the West,  
Where free from toil and pain,  
The weary soul may rest?

This bursting out into some language which was rythmical, especially when he was happy, was most characteristic of him in life.]

Yes, the answer comes to me in the spirit, I have found it. I have found the rest, the life, the peace, hope, everything I hoped to find. . . . Now you know who it is?

(Oh, I know any way, only I thought I would just ask you that.)

Well, if you should say "General" I should be pleased to hear it.

(When I first knew you I could not get used to calling you "General," but after I did get accustomed to it I could not call you anything



else, because that seemed to be the right name for you.)

You thought it applicable?

(Yes.)

Well, that is pleasant. . . . Remember that the laws of vibration are very wonderful, very, very great, and my thought reaches you and *vice versa*. Therefore, for what more could I ask? [Something about his family doing well] My friends are loyal and I am happy, and the mere fact of my returning and speaking with you is an inspiration beyond description.

(Well, it helps me more than anything else I do.)

These good saints have helped me to understand the laws of communication, and I am not so much of an idiot that I should laugh at it or pooh-pooh at it further.

(Well, you would better not.)

How can I? The reality, it is a stern reality, and such a reality that it is the only thing which God hath given us to enable us to understand the laws of the eternal life. Is not that beautiful?

(Yes.)

Is it not beautiful? And it is the only way. So the casting off of the mere body, the shell, is nothing, it is nothing; it goes to waste, but my spirit lives to speak.

(General —)

Without the wires I could not communicate so easily, but with the wires my thoughts are registered clearly, are they not?

(Yes. General —)

Yes?

(You are taking Rector's place to-day, aren't you?)

For the first time I am, yes. Dear creature, he is here to help me, he stands beside me watching me to see that no harm comes to the instrument over which I speak.

(Well, it is not so very hard, is it?)

No, not hard, but if you were to question me one question after another it might confuse me, but you ask your questions so clearly, so slowly and in moderation, that I can understand them and reply. But if you were to fire questions at me, so to speak, volley after volley, it would confuse me so I should be obliged to go out. You understand?

(Yes.)

You look so well. . . . I see your spirit so clearly. I see what I did not use to see. I saw the physical and not so much the spirit. I see the spirit and the physical both combined. They both seem clear to me and beautiful. I am glad you followed out my instructions. I saw you in the place which I designated.

(Do you know where that is now? What do you mean?)

I saw you in a place with a lady, a very beautiful character, a very interesting character.

(Do you know who that is, or when it was?)

It is what we used to call summer, and it was in a green place, in a green place, and everything so beautiful, so peaceful.

[I spent several weeks during the preceding summer at a place called "Greenacre," in the town of Eliot, state of Maine. It is sometimes called "Greenacre-on-the-Piscataqua." Summer conferences have been held there for a number of years past, a large assembly-tent is erected on the greensward indicated by the name, and representatives of all religions are welcomed to the open platform.]

I saw you attending something seemed like lectures. I saw you conversing with an occasional gentleman, and I saw you sitting — it looked like a tent —

(Yes.)

— saw you walking about.

(Yes.)

I saw you,— was it in a hammock? Something swinging.

(Yes, once or twice.)

And I saw you sitting there thinking, as it

were, alone, and it seemed as though the shadows of night had fallen, and it was in the evening.

(Oh, yes.)

[I think it was at this point that I recalled a special evening. See explanation later.]

And I came and stood beside you and put my hand on your shoulder, and I heard you say, "How peaceful, how perfectly delightful it is." Do you remember it?

(Yes.)

Do you remember seeing the moon? The heavens seemed dark and then the moon appeared. It was early in the evening. And then I saw you get up, somebody came and spoke to you and you got up, walked about a little and went inside a building.

(I was in this hammock, I think twice, but one night a long time, and I even fell asleep there.)

Yes that was the time when I put my hand on your shoulder and had the beautiful messages of peace from your spirit.

(Well, I went to sleep, oh very easily and beautifully, and I woke up and thought how beautiful it was to sleep there under the stars —)

Yes, stars, that is what I mean.

(— and I even got locked out of the house.)



Yes, yes, I know there was some difficulty in your getting in. I know that. And then I remember the surprise which came over you when you [recovered].

(Yes, I was surprised.)

And I was with you all through that little sleep, talking with your spirit. Do you remember what a peaceful wave came through you?

(Yes.)

It was I who sent it, who brought it.

(When I sleep like that it seems as if I was off somewhere; I am perfectly unconscious of this world, and where am I then?)

The spirit, your spirit, goes out upon an ethereal cord, just the same as the spirit of the Light here departs. Now I see the spirit of a woman going out, and it is the same in sleep, and I talk with your spirit just the same as I am talking with you now. Sometimes I almost feel that you will remember it, but when the spirit becomes active and fully possessed of the body and mind, then it forgets.

(Yes. Do you mean that is so always in sleep, or only in those occasional sleeps?)

Under certain conditions, only. The sleep might be disturbed if the spirit communicated with it always, but upon certain occasions and under certain conditions we are able to talk

with the spirit very, very clearly. The spirit understands and answers —

(You mean the earthly spirit?)

Yes, just the same as you answer me when I speak with you now. Why, to know that I can follow you, to know that I can see you in certain places and under certain conditions — and do you remember the tent?

(Yes, yes!)

Well, I saw you under the tent and sat beside you several times, and there was another lady with you. Who was that lady? She was a beautiful spirit, a bright, beautiful looking woman, a very clear mind and beautiful spirit. Is her name Sarah?

(Wait a moment. You know I am taking this all down, don't you, General?)

I do not see what you are actually doing. I see your thoughts are busy, very busy.

(I want to preserve every word. And it is so delightful to think that I can write down in shorthand just what you say, just exactly as I used to do when you were here.)

Oh, yes, I remember, that is what you are doing. Well, I do not actually see the writing going on, or the motion of your hand, or the — paper, is it? But I see you, your general outline, and I see you, as it were, in the light.

You look as though there was a light all about you.

(Well, now let's be slow.)

That is the reflection of the spirit about you.

(My spirit?)

Yes, your own spirit. There is a reflection, as it were, all about you. It is very clear and very beautiful to me.

(Do you mean Sarah Farmer?)

I should not wonder. That sounds something like the name I heard her called by. She was not actually with you, but I saw you with her and saw you talking with her, and she has a very large spirit, a very broad spirit, and a very large and beautiful mind. Was that not so?

(Miss Farmer is the person who started that place and who has charge of it and has gotten all the fine speakers there, etc., and she is considered a very advanced spirit. Do you think it was she?)

Yes, it was she whom I saw.

(You know she was not a special friend of mine, though I know her.)

But I saw another lady, but I saw another lady with you —

(Well, General, wait a minute, wait a minute. How did you know her name was Sarah?)

I heard several ladies in a large room one — you would call it evening again — calling — one spoke to her very intimately and called her Sarah, and I was within — I was perhaps — let me see — where is your hand?

[The psychic takes my hand and holds it about a foot from my face.]

I was within that distance, the distance that your hand is from your face, from her, when the name was called, and we can hear, and we can see and understand names as they are spoken in the body if we are attracted to any one individually.

(I see.)

And oftentimes the names, if we are interested, register themselves upon our memories and we never forget them. But to go back to this evening. Then you got in, didn't you —

(Yes.)

— all right, but that was the time when I saw you very clearly.

(Yes.)

[All the incidents referred to in the preceding conversation about Greenacre are almost literally true, though I am aware that some of them are simply things which one would naturally do during a summer outing. The sleep in the hammock, however, was an unusual one, and I have rarely, if ever, had



one just like it. The fact is that I dislike the motion of a swinging hammock and seldom lie in one. The evening in question was one of those still, balmy evenings when it seems a sin to sleep under other canopy than the starry blue. I do not remember the moon, think there was none, or not until very late. I found an empty hammock a few rods from the Inn and appropriated it. I remember thinking how delightful it was to lie there facing the stars, entirely free from contact with the earth, a part of the atmosphere around me. I believe I even felt that I had been in error all my life thus far in not overcoming my dislike to the motion of a hammock. I fell easily into a sleep which must have been a deep one, and woke surprised to find from the general appearance of the Inn that it was late. I spoke with a gentleman who was passing, and as I remember I addressed him first. We went on the veranda, where there was one other person, and found that the Inn was closed for the night and we were locked out. Fortunately a parlor window was easily opened and then the door unlocked from the inside. I do not remember that I did, and think I did not, dream anything in the sleep which I could afterwards recall. I seldom heard Miss Farmer called Sarah, though that is her name.

I was not specially with her, but probably spoke with her once or twice during my stay. I remember going to Greenacre one summer several years before the General passed away, returning and telling him about the place. That he ever heard Miss Farmer's Christian name spoken is very doubtful. He knew very little about her when living.]

(Now, General, why can't I learn to go out that way in sleep at will, almost?)

Well, it sometimes is not wise, sometimes it is not healthful, and it rests with the divine power as to when those conditions are suitable. Perhaps you can better understand that. I have learned a great deal about the conditions since I have been here, and it has been my one thought to study into the conditions and understand them for your sake, that I might be able to help you. I now see what a clear beautiful mind you had and why you were so interested in things which seemed to me rather absurd.

(Well, I am glad to hear you say that. All things come to him who waits.)

Yes, that is very true, but in the material life, in the mortal life, it seemed that I was unable with my peculiar make-up to grasp anything which I could not see.

(Yes.)

Therefore perhaps you will excuse me for not accepting your theories, but I lived to learn and understand for myself. It was a happy day when I came. The awakening was something beyond description. I never can tell you how I felt when I woke, and as my spirit passed up from that imprisoning body, through the cool ether, and the ethereal veil parted and my spirit passed through it into this beautiful world, the sensation and the light [delight] of it all is beyond my power to explain, and could I explain it in earthly words your mind could not really grasp it or understand it.

(Yes. General, you say that you could not accept things unless you could see them, but I thought you had a very fine and highly developed spirit, otherwise you would not have gone so quickly into the right conditions there and understood how to come back here, and be taken in by Imperator and Rector, etc., would you?)

You realized, I think, that my desire was for the advancement of mind, and you remember how I used to love poetry, and that I had a vein of sentiment, as you used to express it. Well, all that is fine spiritual perception; and it is really beautiful to me, now when I realize that I possessed that at all when in the physical body, and it has been a great benefactor

to me in this life. You understand what I mean.

(Yes.)

It has been a great help, a great help to me, the mere fact of my growing in spirit in the body, and I really loved the beautiful.

(General, don't you remember how a beautiful woman used to impress you? Wait a moment — a friend of yours said once, old Mr. Clapp, that he did not know any man who took in the soul of a beautiful woman any more quickly than you did. We laughed over it, but I knew it was so.)

You understood it?

(Yes.)

Well, that is very beautiful, very kind in him to have said it. But I really think that I do, and know now that I did, I know that I understood women and the beautiful side as few men did in my environment or among my associates. And all those things appealed to me, and it was that that was highest and best. All that appealed to me most. And I was very happy in my earthly life in a way. I loved life for what life gave, and I loved the pleasures, and I loved the physical and all that the physical gave, but still I was large enough in heart, I feel, and in spirit not to allow the physical temptations to drown my soul.



(Yes.)

[This is a very good characterization of himself.]

(I am of course very greatly blessed and privileged to have your continued friendship and to be allowed to come here and talk with you.)

Well, there are so many restrictions. This great spirit, this man here who leads, he is the noblest spirit I know, and there are so many restrictions,—he understands the conditions so well, and he has his everlasting eye open watching constantly that no harm shall befall anything or anybody connected or associated with the Light or the spiritual influences who work through it. Why, it is really marvelous.

(You mean Imperator?)

Yes. He is not present at the moment because he is away on a mission, but all those whom he does call, remember, really are privileged.

[See note at opening of this sitting.]

(Yes, indeed, they are. Now I want to ask you to watch, and if you think you are not going to have any more opportunities to come to me through this Light, then I want you to get one final chance if possible and tell me

that you cannot come more. Will you try to do so?)

Will you repeat that once more for me? You mean that I must return here — and tell you before —

[Think I replied yes.]

Oh, yes,— well, I am going to tell you something. We call them the saints; they told me before I came here, before I asked them if I might speak with you, they told me that — the leader, the head spirit — he said that the conditions were low, but he said: “I will not go into explanation, but abide by what I say; the conditions are such that I must exert all my influence and power to hold the conditions in a sufficient state of clearness to enable you to return to your friends on the earthly side at all.” Do you hear?

(Yes.)

And he also said: “By so doing, by doing this, you will be enabled to return through the Light occasionally for an unrestricted time —”

(Well, well, well, that is beautiful.)

—“and only under those conditions will you be permitted to return at all through the present Light.” Therefore he has taken up the Light and is specially administering unto it to keep it for those who really need light and help. Do you understand?

(Yes.)

Well, if you do not perhaps Rector could make it clearer to you.

(I do.)

This was a private conversation between Imperator and myself, and he notified all the communicators who return through this Light of the conditions, and were it not for him and his wonderful power I perhaps should not be able to return, but so grateful are we to him that we offer up our blessings daily and almost hourly to him for his guidance and help. I wish you could see him.

[A few brief sentences only omitted here.]

I know one thing, I know that they all on our side can see and have predicted the absence of the Light on the other side of the water.

[It must be remembered that it was after the date of this sitting that Dr. Hodgson passed out. Mrs. Piper spent the winter of 1906-7 abroad.]

[In speaking of a prediction made concerning myself he says:]

Perhaps you had better ask Rector about that, as he is very clear and understands that very well; or, better still, George Pelham. Perhaps you know him? He has been a great help to me, a great help to me; although he

is not so near the earth and the conditions surrounding the Light as I am at the present time, he really is a great help.

(Is he in another sphere, so called?)

Yes, he is in the last sphere, what you would speak of as heaven; the last, seventh sphere.

(What sphere are you in?)

I am in the third now. We have to pass through the third sphere in order to return, one might say, and therefore I could not return immediately directly I passed out of my body.

(Oh, that is the reason, is it?)

Yes. It is just like going from one room to another. [Illustrated by change of location in the material world] We advance until we feel that we have perfected ourselves according to God's will and idea, and then we are satisfied with ourselves, and not until we have.

(Well, when you first passed out did you go into the first sphere, or do you call this the first sphere where I am?)

Entering the material life is one sphere of life; that is the first, because life comes with the creation of the mortal body; life comes, it is the breath of God, and you are a branch of His great tree, you understand, and then the spirit grows, advances. Sometimes it does



not advance in the mortal because it is hampered by physical ill, etc. If not, it is removed after a time and enters our life and then begins to develop and grow.

(Well then do you think every one leaves here just when it is right for him to go, whether he is young or old?)

Yes, yes, yes, that is all in the hands of God, and although we never see God — I have never seen Him and never hope to — He rules us all and reigns over us all, and we are a part, a branch of Him, and your question will make that clear to me.

(When any one dies, as we call it, whether he is thirty or eighty years old, it is the right time for him, do you think, or is death merely an accident, the time of death?)

Oh, it is not an accident. It is ordained by God. I could not understand when I was in the body why certain things [happened], why certain deaths took place, and so on, but God knows what their lives are and what they are to be should they live. Therefore He removes them perhaps through disaster, perhaps through accident, perhaps through fire, perhaps through loss of a vessel, and all that sort of thing, and He removes many at a time. But every spirit that enters this life, there is a home prepared for it and a place prepared

for it. Perhaps you know that in the earthly Bible, the material Bible, "In my Father's house there are many mansions;" do you remember that?

(Yes.)

That has a literal meaning. . . . The spirit really never suffers, never knows a moment's pain or anguish of any kind. I know this from the — pure experience and study.

(But, General, you are not always, you over there, perfectly developed, and does not your happiness depend on your inner development there as it does here, your degree of happiness?)

Well, yes, to an extent, but we never suffer as suffering is expressed and understood by you.

(Yes, I see, I see. How about age there? How old are you compared with Imperator? What is the standard of measurement?)

Well, Imperator is — in fact, no spirit is ever old, there is no such thing as age with us. We enter this life according to our acts in the mortal life. If we have advanced and grown we have gained so much when entering this life, but if we are hampered by physical ills or physical infirmities, or perhaps some may inherit imbecility or something of that kind, when the spirit leaves the body it enters this life and grows, in a sense, as a child. It rests,

it is released. The moment it is released from its body it assumes a condition of happiness, as it were. There is a peacefulness about it that permeates the whole spirit, and a certain power of understanding, and then it advances and grows until we are — we might put the age, for your understanding, to fifty, and we are never older than that in spirit.

(You mean never older than about what we think of as fifty?)

Yes. The body grows old simply but the spirit never grows old. The spirit remains young and beautiful always. No matter whether the man has passed from the earthly life through senile decay or through accident in youth, that makes no difference; the spirit is young always. But the conditions of the spirit and its happiness does [do] depend somewhat upon his advancement and growth and understanding and desires of right and wrong in the physical life.

(Well, supposing I have a friend now who goes over there, who did not think much of spiritual development here, could he be where he could see and talk with you, for instance, or would he be in a lower plane?)

Well, he would be — for your understanding — he would be in a somewhat lower plane upon entering this life, but if he has a great

desire to reach me there are certain conditions through which he must pass in order for that desire to be accomplished, and if he lives according to the restriction and the laws which are mapped out for him here, then he might be able to see me in what you might term a few days. Then his desire would be fulfilled and he would be made happier in consequence.

(Now, General —)

Yes, I hear every word you say, and you have the faculty of speaking slowly and distinctly.

(Yes. When you went away, before your body was put in the earth, I was called by the Light known as Mrs. S. I went there after your body was put away, but she told me — that is, her control, her spirit guide told me — that the day you died — you passed out in the morning of our day here, and she said that you might have been around that day but she was so busy she did not notice you, but at night you were there and you had on such an anxious face that she had to listen to you, and you kept saying, “Send for Anne, send for Anne.” Then when I went a few days later and talked with her she talked as if you were really there. Well, she said of course you did not put it in words, but she expressed the feeling. Now do you know anything at all about



that, or were you around, or could you have been around, or could you have called me in that way? This is a Light to whom you went once with me when in the physical body.)

[The psychic known as Mrs. S. sent for me as explained above, asking if I would like a sitting, feeling that she ought to comply with the request of her control, though she had never before offered me a sitting simply because her control desired it, and never has since. Although she had seen in the papers an announcement of the death of my friend, she assured me that up to that time she did not know that I had been associated with him in business, having the impression that my special work was to assist Dr. Hodgson. On the occasion when the General accompanied me to a sitting with her, several years before his death, she was not told who he was, and was not acquainted with him.]

Well, I remember after leaving my body, the first thing I thought of after leaving the body, after passing through this ether which I described and beyond the veil — that is, on our side of the veil, into this world — the first thing I thought of was, "Where is Anne? I will go and find her." I turned immediately and looked back into the physical world, into the material world, looked at the physical

body, saw it like so much earth, and I saw you terribly distressed, as it seemed to me, and your spirit seemed very downcast and depressed, and I tried to reach you and was very anxious to do so and very anxious to make myself understood by you, and if she saw me she was probably true in saying it, because that was the first thing I remember of doing; and the first thought that crossed my mind was, "I will go and find Anne wherever she may be and tell her that I am still living and going on into the eternal life." Therefore I cannot contradict or disclaim her veracity.

[It was not his habit to call me "Anne" when living, though it is the habit of returning spirits to call their friends by their Christian names.]

(Now will you come to me as well as you can whenever I go to see her, and do you think it would be well for me to go there occasionally?)

Yes, once in a while, but I have learned from Imperator, who knows all there is to know and prepares his messengers to give such light as he deems that they are fitted to give,—he says too frequent communication on our side is not wise, and it is wiser for the spirit to store up its knowledge and learn all the conditions of its life and then return occasionally,

imparting that knowledge to his friend on the earthly side occasionally, but not too frequently, as the spirit loses by too frequent communication.

(I see.)

And it is not well for his best development.

[I tell him something about his old home.]

(I am going out there the evening preceding the fourth Sabbath from now, if I can. I am going to listen to the sound of your voice through the phonograph —)

A speech?

(Yes. Do you remember the phonograph?)

Yes, I do.

(There were some of your talks preserved. There were the remarks of Colonel Ingersoll at the burial of his brother, there was George Eliot's "Choir Invisible," there was Bryant's "Flood of Years." Now I am going to listen to that for the first time since you went away, and I want you to stand right beside me all the time, and then when I come here again you can tell me about it.)

I shall be delighted. That will give me greater happiness than anything you could ask me.

[Unfortunately the phonograph was out of order when I made my visit.]

(Can you stay a while longer?)

Yes, I am listening.

[There is a little talk here about a sister in the body.]

You have a sister here in this world whom I have met.

(What is her name, do you know?)

No,—Hiram knows; at the moment I could not tell you, but he knows, and perhaps Rector will tell you what her name is. I remember I was introduced to her some time ago, and she is a beautiful spirit.

[This refers to an older sister, named Laura, who died in 1881, thirteen years before I became acquainted with my communicator.]

Then I have met your father. He was a peculiar man, wasn't he?

[Brief talk about my own family.]

I like your father. He is a very strong individuality, and he made his mistakes like other men in the earthly world, but he is a true spirit and he loves you all dearly.

[My father was "peculiar," a "strong individuality," and "made mistakes." He passed out four years before I knew my communicator.]

(Was your mother your guiding spirit all through your life here?)



Yes, and a dear one she was.

(Did you recognize her as soon as you saw her?)

She helped me, she showed me the way, she stood at my chair, the chair I used to sit in, she stood beside me when I passed out.

(Does she know me?)

Yes, you may rest assured that if I have had anything to do about it she does know you.

[In speaking of my private work, I say:]

(You must not get discouraged if I get discouraged, will you?)

Not at all. That is not like me, is it? Didn't I have courage to the last? Ask me all you wish. My thoughts keep clear, as you ask your questions so clearly and beautifully that they are not confusing to me. If you were to say, "Now, General, I want you to find a name for me, get it now if you can,"—in searching for that name, or switching my thoughts from the track on which they are flowing at the present time, over which they are flowing, it would confuse me so that I should lose the whole thread of my individuality and thought.

The moment I entered this life I was told by Imperator: "You have just opened your

life and your life is in the beginning. You have much to do with a friend whom you have in a sense left behind." . . . Then it dawned upon me what he meant. I said: "I know what you mean; you refer to the actual truth of a vague idea; it is going to be a reality,"— an idea which crossed my mind before my illness. It passed through my mind, the thought, before my illness, as I loved poetry, reading books, like yourself, everything,— it crossed my mind many times, and the desire that I might be qualified to write. When I entered this life Imperator pointed those things out to me. He made it clear to me that it was possible for me to return and help you and that we might do this thing together.

Now of course I cannot say how long the Light will remain in the body, or what the conditions are surrounding the Light, but I do know this, that conjointly and together on earth they have prayed and are praying and giving peace and restriction to the Light for a few who are privileged to use it and receive messages through it. Therefore I am one who is privileged, for which I am most grateful.

(Of course I do not want this wholly for my selfish pleasure. I want it to be of some use to the world, my coming here to see you.)

It should be, and if others would think like-

wise there would not be such a vague mystery about it all, as I used to think when I was in the body; there was a vague sort of unknowable mystery.

(The time is passing. I must not keep you too long.)

I must not remain too long, but Rector stands here ready to take me away, to assist me out, that no harm may befall the instrument through which I work.

. . . . .  
Tell me about little Augustus.

(Augustus? Which one?)

I mean the little fellow, the one they called — it is not really his name.

(Oh he is all right, very pretty.)

. . . . .  
But they call me now and I must go. I must not abuse my privileges. God bless you and be with you.

(Good-by.)

You know I am Martin?

(Oh, yes!)

*Close*

SITTING OF MARCH 13, 1905

[There is very little that can be quoted from this sitting. It is a mixture of advice, prophecy, encouragement and reproof, on the part

of both Rector and my communicator, relating to the carrying on of my work and to my condition of mind generally. Some of the remarks of my communicator are, however, so characteristically vigorous that I cannot refrain from giving a few of them as disconnected extracts.]

*The General*

Well, well, well! Will wonders ever cease!  
Is that you?

(Why, yes, don't you know me?)

Well, I guess I do.

(Is this you, General?)

Yes, that is right.

. . . . .  
I seem sometimes to see your fits of discouragement.

(Yes.)

I do not like it. I passed through life, I think, with a brave and a stout heart. Many disappointments and trials came to my life, but I never relinquished my hold, the hold upon my faith and trust and hope, all through my life, did I?

(No, I think not.)

[He *had* a faith of some kind, which carried him through to the very end without complaint.]

. . . . .



Now I called upon these helpers and these holy fathers to bring you here that we might clear up some of these little cobwebs in your brain.

(Well, clear them up, I wish you would.)

I dislike the sort of discontented thoughts. I dislike the feeling that there is no time, and a waste of energy, a waste of life, a waste of material, a waste of everything. Now that is not true at all.

I thought you were an idiot, in a sense, because you believed in the eternal life, but how dense my mind was, how weak, how uncharitable! But you will forgive me, you do forgive me?

(Yes.)

You understand, but it was you that were wise and I was weak, yet I was your friend.

(I know that, General.)

I am your friend to-day. I look the same, and if your spiritual eyes could be opened you would see me standing here registering my thoughts through the ether with which this receptacle is filled.

I can't have any thoughts of discouragement. Life is too serious, it is too beautiful,

too strong, too great a thing to allow the thoughts of discouragement to enter such a brain as yours. I am astonished! I am astonished! "Oh," I said, "if I only get hold of her again I shall picture life as it really is and not as she thinks." What do you suppose you were created for? What do you suppose you were put into the earthly life for? You have not half carried out your mission. It is only in the beginning, and it is a useless waste of thought for you to think otherwise. Are you going to profit by what I am telling you?

(Yes, indeed.)

I don't know whether I was a good preacher or not, but however, I know one thing, you usually profited by my advice, and I think you will do it now. In any case I shall watch you and I shall reach you now by sending you a message and you will know how things are turning.

[In omitted portion he speaks of his intention of sending a message occasionally "through that gentleman that comes here," meaning, of course, Dr. Hodgson.]

Why, the idea of a . . . physically well woman of your years and experience getting into such a state of mind! Why, it is dread-

ful, and if there was no charity in the world there would be no love, and if there was no love there would be no life, do you know that? And without — do you remember somewhere in the book we used to call the Bible it says unless ye have charity?

(Yes.)

Can you quote it?

(“Unless ye have charity ye shall be as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals,” I think.)

Yes, now register that in your mind.

. . . . .  
(Do you suppose you will be able to come here again this season?)

Oh, yes, I think so. The time, I don't know about that. You will have to ask them, and they will give you some definite idea. That is not in my hands. I only know that when the Light is burning and I see the Light, and the ether from our world is sufficiently clear, I know I can enter it and speak with you, which is a perfect delight. That makes our life on this side complete and perfect. You understand that. Now I want you to talk to me, but I did feel, oh if I could only reach you once more.

(Yes. Wait a minute. You know that the time has got to be short this morning, don't you?)

Short? What do you mean?

(Why, we can only have about half the time that we usually have, because the Light has not been in a good condition in the physical, and — is Rector there by you?)

Yes, what shall I say to him? You can see that the hands are always going out to us in touch. We are never left alone, I am never left alone when I am speaking with you. Imperator comes and goes, keeps coming and going, to see that all is going on well, and Rector or Prudens, some of them stand here and watch me to see how I get along, and if I fail for words or light they supply it. It comes over a line. Say what you want to. I think it is a pity to have you distressed about the time, but I don't know about these conditions so much, about the earthly side, but you will have to ask them, I think.

(Well, now I have been ordered to tell Rector that three-quarters of the time has gone and he will have only sixteen minutes more and then I shall have to leave, and if I do not I will not be allowed to come again. Do you understand that?)

You mean to say that I must go now?

(No, but I want you to tell Rector, who is there, just what I have said, will you?)

I will speak to him — just one minute.



[Very brief pause. Evidently speaking to Rector. Lips moving slightly.]

Well, what do you think he says?

(I don't know.)

Why, he says he does not see how he *can* open and close the Light in so short a time as that.

[I explain a little further the necessity for being brief, and there is a little more talk.]

(Well now, General, I am afraid you will have to go.)

[Still more talk.]

(Now you will have to go, you will have to go,— good-by.)

Don't say good-by to me! I am going out and I will stand aside right here.

[Rector returns for a few moments.]

*Close*

#### SITTING OF APRIL 19, 1905

[This sitting was largely taken up with matters pertaining to my own family, one member of my family being very ill at the time. I had clear communications from my father and from my sister Laura, mentioned in sitting of Dec. 20, 1904. It seemed to me that Laura, for the first and only time, spoke directly through the machine, so called,— that is, spoke directly to Rector, who repeated her words. For she

seemed surprised at the ease with which communication could be carried on, and said: "I want to tell you how clear I am, and what a perfectly clear line I am working over. I can see so much better than I ever did before." Upon this Rector immediately interjected the following remark: "I am going to say this, that I have never, I think, seen the Light clearer than it is this day." When I addressed my sister saying: "Now, Laura," she interrupted with: "I hear your voice like a trumpet." When I asked her to take a message to my father, she said: "I don't know,—if I could turn round and go out just a little distance on this cord I could bring him here. I will go and see." And then my father himself seemed to speak a few words directly. Other communicators were somewhat crowded out by relatives on this occasion.]

### *The General*

[In speaking about my coming summer vacation, I say:]

(How about *Poland Spring*?)

Oh! [apparently laughing] Well, could you go there?

(I could go there for a short time. I think I will try and arrange to go to Greenacre a short time and then go to your old stamping

ground, Poland Spring, where the water is, and the woods.)

And the Poland Spring House, you remember?

(Yes.)

Oh, I know so well. These old haunts last in my memory even in the spiritual world. The only thing I regret is the absolute imbecility on my part of the truth of an eternal life, but sometimes we have not the keenest spiritual perception into the higher things while in the mortal body, especially when the mind is troubled and disturbed with all that the earthly world places before us, and while life [lasts] we have not the time, perhaps, or the keen appreciation, and I may say apprehension, of the possibilities of the future. Therefore I made my mistakes in that line,—not exactly mistakes, but I lost a great deal.

(Yes.)

But my life was a busy one, as you know. Tell me about — how is little Gus, and Everett, and the children and all? They are doing splendidly, aren't they?

(Well, I think they are.)

(Do you think I will not be able to come again this season?)

Well, I am not so sure. They said: "Now

if you want to talk with your friend again we shall give you the privilege of doing it and the opportunity will present itself immediately," and then they said: "We will appoint the third day," and so on, and then they made it known to somebody in the body, and they said: "Because we cannot at the moment see the probability of it again." But if it is possible and you are called for, you know you have got to come.

(I gave up a good deal this time to come.)

Yes, I know, but it could not be avoided, and it was better so, as you can see. And haven't you found them very clear to-day?

(Yes, very.)

And I myself, the only thing I regret is that I have to cease to speak. . . . Now I am going. I am not going to say good-by, because I hate the word.

*Close*

SITTING OF JUNE 21, 1905

*The General*

What is life is love, and what is love is life, and what is life and love is spirit. I have called you here again. I have felt that I could not allow the Light to close without meeting you once more. . . . You have freed



me, did you know it? Nothing on the earthly side hampers or troubles me in the least. I am as free as it is possible for a spirit to be.

Your father sends a great deal of love to you, and also your sister. She is so much freer since the last conversation with you here that she is the happiest girl you ever saw. You have helped them greatly by coming here. You have no idea of the relief to the spirit these communications give.

(Give my love to them both.)

I understand that they are going to make better conditions after they return.

["They" means the spirits in charge. "After they return" means after the vacation season.]

I understand that Imperator has made special arrangements — do you know what they call an hour?

(Yes.)

They are going to prolong it an hour and a quarter at the very least, and they are going to make the earthly friend sign to their arrangements —

["Earthly friend" is the expression which was commonly used by the trance personalities in referring specifically to Dr. Hodgson.]

— because right in the middle of conversation, sometimes when the best sentiments are to be given, the Light is shut off, and this is not quite right. I lose the counts of time, only that the man who has charge —

(Hodgson?)

— Hodgson, he keeps talking about hours and fifteen minutes, hours and three-quarters, and so on, and that keeps it fresh in the memories of the controls.

(Tell Rector that there are fifteen minutes — the rule.)

Who says that?

(Hodgson says that.)

[Meaning that I had been directed to bring the sitting to a close at a certain time.]

Does he? Well, he is a good fellow. He receives much help. I will tell you a secret — he is inclined to be jealous, a little bit hostile if he cannot have his way, but they manage him over here beautifully. He knows that whatever they say is right and he must obey, if we return. Do you know that I feel sometimes it is possible that we may not get at this Light, and then what shall we do? Imperator has been trying to make rules and regulations that when the Light is dim and unsatisfactory he will only see those who really

deserve and let the testing go, fearing that the Light may give way entirely. But at the present time through his prayers he has kept it very well and done well. Does not that in itself show the power of spirit?

. . . . .  
*Close*

SITTING OF DECEMBER 20, 1905

*The General*

Well, are you really here again? I see, I hear, I understand. Your spirit looks clearer to me. Are you not happier?

(This is the General, is it not?)

Yes, and no one else.

. . . . .  
(I want you to understand, and Rector and all of them, that I fully and most thoroughly appreciate the privilege of coming here to see you.)

Divine Providence governeth all things well, and as I must say, in harmony with these good friends here, that if you have faith and trust, all things are mapped out for good and will be seen by yourself as being managed by the Unseen, in the main.

(Yes.)

You understand?

(Yes.)

And what is God's will, will be done. Therefore your coming here is a privilege to us as well as to yourself, and it is in obedience to His will.

["Obedience," stumblingly, first, then "obeyance" or "abeyance."]

(Yes.)

How can we manage it otherwise? What can we do when you are summoned?

(You may be sure I shall be on hand.)

And the way will be opened for you. Let me speak on, because we are limited on our Light. That is, the power gives out. . . . I am very anxious, since I have learned so much about this beautiful life and realize the truth and reality of it by having the actual experience, that the world should through your hand and brain be made cognizant in part of the unfoldment, of the true development of the soul after it leaves its environment; that it is an active consciousness, that it is in the state of higher development, that it is able to reach the physical plane and act through such voices as your own, we would say, to give expression and utterance to the truth and reality of in part what this life contains. Is that clear to you?

(Yes. Well, of course I cannot know about your life except as you give it to me.)



But through your own unfoldment, as you say, you receive constantly help and impressions from me in this life.

(Yes.)

You cannot work alone without this help which you receive perhaps unconsciously to yourself, yet not unconsciously to — your subconscious mind receives the impressions which I give you and they are unfolded through the conscious mind. Therefore you give expression to the very things which I impress your mind with.

•   •   •   •   •   •  
Tell me about the boy.

(Well, what do you see about him?)

[I have in mind a nephew of mine, who lives in California, in regard to whom I have had many communications, but his reply indicates that he is inquiring about his own boy, and I say:]

(Do you mean my boy or yours?)

I mean mine. . . . In regard to your boy, he is a long distance in the earthly world, is he not?

[This thought was evidently suggested by something which was said about his own boy being nearer to me.]

And is that not his child?

(What child?)

Has he not a child or two?

(He has one, or has had one.)

Is this not his?

(Where is it?)

Why, isn't it here? Isn't this Max's boy?  
His name is Plumb.

[My nephew's name]

(Well, that is his child, yes.)

Well, I wanted to tell you about him, because he came up to me, and as I found him I said, "Why, this child certainly belongs to my friend in the body," because he was so constantly — do you remember a spirit named Laura?

(Yes, my sister.)

Yes, with her.

(Well, is it my sister, or some one else named Laura?)

Yes, it is another, it is somebody else, but I told you about her, did I not?

(I think it must be some relation. I wish you could see.)

Well, they are both here, the lady and the child. And the child leaving the body was a great disappointment to him, but it was better for the child and infinitely better for him and for the mother.

(Why?)

Because the developments would have been

very painful. God knows best, and to unfold His truths would take me a long time.

(Well, we won't try now. Is that my grandmother who has the baby?)

Yes, it is your sister's grandmother — that would be yours, of course, certainly — well, you know we look at the connections here. She is an elderly lady, an elderly lady, but in the spirit no one is elderly. Perhaps you can understand contradictory statements, if possible. Her name was Laura.

(Yes, that is it.)

She is very much attached to that child.

(Well, I have heard through another Light that this grandmother of mine had this child. Now have you seen me with that Light lately at all?)

Yes, yes — [quite eagerly] — what Light was that? I have been trying to give you a password.

(At that time?)

Yes. You did not seem to understand it some way.

[This child, a babe of nine months whom I had never seen, died Sept. 25, 1905, three months previous to date of this sitting, no sitting with Mrs. Piper having taken place in the interim, and this is the first reference by her to it. On Dec. 8 of this same month, less

than two weeks previous to date of this sitting, I had a sitting with the psychic known as Mrs. S., who told me that this child was with my grandmother, and that my grandmother and my communicator were acquaintances and friends. I took it to be my mother's mother, as my father's mother died when I was a mere child. My mother's mother I knew well, as she did not pass away until I had grown to be a young woman. She was a reader of books on Spiritism and was much interested in the subject, though she had few sympathizers among her own friends. She is the grandmother who would be most likely to have the child, and her name was Laura.

It will be seen that when my communicator asks: "Do you remember a spirit named Laura," I immediately reply: "Yes, my sister," the sister being the first thought in my mind. This positive reply might well have switched my communicator's ideas off the right track, but when I say: "Is it my sister, or some one else named Laura?" he replies: "Yes, it is another, it is somebody else, but I told you about her, did I not?" I do not know to what this "I told you about her" can possibly refer, unless it means that my communicator was actually present at my sitting with Mrs. S. two weeks before, and that



he was the one who impressed it upon the psychic to assure me that the child was with my grandmother.]

But I wanted to tell you that this little child is very happy and is in a home of its own with these people and that they are taking good care of it, and that there is nothing lost.

(You tell both those Lauras that I am much pleased to know that the child is with them and will so report to the parents.)

That is right.

Why, spirit, spirit travels, remains conscious, feels out to its friends, reaches them on the earthly side, but there are some things which its memory cannot and does not wish to retain. There are pages in every book of life which the spirit when it leaves closes that book in the mortal life, it would like to forget, and so it does. Therefore it is happier.

(General, are you in a sort of zone around the atmosphere of this earth, and can you go to other planets and stars if you wish?)

Yes, certainly, and now there is a case here which has been very peculiar and perhaps has been commented upon in the mortal body—doubtless it has, because I have seen this man struggling here and then I have seen him depart suddenly. He would come to the Light

and the Light would not be open, and he would take his departure and go way off to another country. His name is Myers, or Myer.

[I think my communicator in life knew nothing about F. W. H. Myers, of England, who died in 1901, the year preceding that in which my communicator died.]

And he comes here, he finds the Light unopen — a very active, brilliant, fine man, keen perceptions, finest type of mind — and he comes here, he finds the Light not burning, he departs, he goes and looks after his family — he has a family in the mortal body — he goes to find them and remains with them, and oftentimes when the Light is burning he fails to appear, but you can understand that because of his absence from the Light and being among those he loves.

(Well, does he go to other worlds?)

He goes to other worlds and other planets. He is constantly studying — he is a great student — he is studying the conditions and the changes and the whys and the wherefores of communication, and the laws of life in the spirit, in the body, and the ways of God and the ways of man and spirit in general.

(Now I am afraid you will have to go.)

Shall I have to go? —

(Tell Rector —)

— but with you I shall be —

(Tell Rector —)

— the way will be open when I can return again soon and finish my conversation, for I have much to tell you which I cannot utter to-day.

*Close*

*Note.* The sitting took place on the morning of the day on which Richard Hodgson died. His death occurred in the late afternoon or early evening.

SITTING OF APRIL 17, 1906

[This sitting took place in my own private room, near Copley square, Boston. The "earthly friend" means Dr. Hodgson.]

*The General*

Hello, hello, hello! Well, well, well!  
What have you got to say to me?

(Who is this?)

Well, well, well! Hello, Anne! Where did you come from? Where did you come from? I should like to know where we are, where you are, where we all are, where I am. Well, well, well! I am the General. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! And you did not know me,

did you? Well, I never thought the time would come when you would not know me.

(Well, wait a minute, General.)

What are you doing, writing?

(Yes.)

Oh, I see. Well, well, well, you were always writing. Were you ever doing anything else?

(Now, General —)

Yes, yes!

Tell me not in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream,  
And the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.  
Life is real, life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Not enjoyment and not sorrow,  
Was not — no —  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

(You have not forgotten your poetry, have you?)

No, and I never shall.

(General —)

Yes?

It matters not how straight the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll;  
I am master of my fate,  
I am captain of my soul.



That is not original, but I love it.

(Now, General, do you know you spoke so much like the earthly friend when you first came —)

Well, he was right beside me, and he was so determined that he would speak first, I was trying to see if I could not get him to give his consent to let me, without him, and he first entered and then he stepped aside and let me enter, and that was how that happened to be.

(Then that is the reason I did not quite recognize you at first.)

Well, I forgave you long ago. I don't lay that up against you. I know it is difficult because you cannot see me. You see, being a spirit, I am so fine, my ethereal body is fine and so finely constructed and all, that you cannot see it with your mortal eye, but with your spiritual eye you could see me plainly. Are the children all well? Are you well? Busy? Busy as a bee.

(Well, wait a moment, General. I am sorry I cannot talk faster —)

Talk and write too? Well, the body has its limitations, you know.

(Yes, I guess that is so. Now you said, "where are we all." Now I want to know if

you know where you are, actually are, in this spot this moment.)

At the present moment?

(Yes.)

Well, may I look around a bit and see?

(Yes.)

Well, now just give me time.

[Fingers of hand touch my face, rest a moment over my own hand, then find cabinet size photograph of my communicator in gilt frame which stands on table within easy reach. This occupies only a minute or two. Then emphatically:]

Ha! ha. You can't fool me! I am in your room. That is *myself*, that is *myself*!

(Yes.)

I am in your room. Well, I am more pleased than I can say. This is an unexpected pleasure and a perfect delight to me. Well, I must say I am happier for it. How does it happen? Perhaps you need not take the time to explain, perhaps somebody else will do it for me, but I am just a little bit in a quandary to know how it happened. Oh, what a fool I was! I did not know, I did not realize that I should live again, and of all things I least expected to return.

(The daughters of the Light were ill, and so the Light has remained away from them,

and the meetings have been in this room of mine for some little time past.)

That is the reason why I was so attracted here that I begged Rector to arrange for me to speak to you.

(I see.)

I had all I could do to keep from interrupting each time lately.

(Yes.)

Well, that accounts for it. You see that helps me to understand. Thank you very much.

[This was the first private sitting of my own which took place after the passing out of Dr. Hodgson, although I had attended many sittings during the winter as assistant and recorder, and had been recognized by the Hodgson personality, for it must be understood that Dr. Hodgson purported to return through Mrs. Piper *very* soon after his death. That is a matter, however, which I am leaving for others to present. But his manner of salutation was something like what appears in the opening remarks of this sitting. In fact, the two personalities seem to be blended, probably indistinguishably so to the reader to whom both men were strangers when in life, though the peculiar characteristics of each are quite apparent to me. The profusion of exclamatory

greetings is Hodgsonian, while the irrepressible bursting into rythm is Martinian.]

Now haven't you got anything to say to me?  
I want you to say lots of things to me.

(You will let Hodgson come a few moments before —)

Oh, he is coming, you cannot get rid of him so easy. You know this is a great big telephone and I am speaking into it.

(Explain it more, will you?)

Yes, I will. The telephone is filled with ether from our world, and it is a receptacle, a vessel, and we blow into it just exactly as you would blow a bellows, the air through a bellows to an open fire, into an open fire, and then we attach a cord, an ethereal cord, to that and talk right over that cord right into the machine, and make this machine utter our thoughts.

(I see.)

(Now, General,—)

Hodgson is coming!

(Tell him to wait a moment.)

Yes, good fellow,—I am glad to know him.

[Dr. Hodgson and my communicator were not acquainted during life, though each knew something about the other.]



There is a lot more I wanted to say, but I am afraid I won't have the strength.

(Well, the time is very nearly up, and I suppose I must speak with Hodgson. At any rate, I want to.)

Well, he is going to, but I am going to see you again sometime. . . . I suppose I must step aside. . . . This is the most wonderful thing in the world to-day. . . . I must step aside and let this gentleman speak. Good-by. It is *au revoir*, not good-by.

(Good-by, General.)

["This gentleman" means Dr. Hodgson, with whom I hold a brief conversation, which I have thought best not to insert.]

### *Subliminal*

[When Mrs. Piper is coming out of trance there are brief remarks and broken utterances, some of them very clear, some of them in a whisper, some of them quite indistinct and wholly unintelligible. The appearance is as if she were taking a last look at spirits standing near, and as if these spirits, while she is returning to her body, were impressing upon her mind words and messages for her to repeat to the sitter. Some of her broken utterances also indicate her returning perception of her

surroundings in the room where the sitting has taken place.]

Getting dark. They are all going away.

[Muttering something unintelligible]

I wonder what Martin has his hand in it —  
General Martin is — I don't know you —

[Looking up inquiringly]

I can't hear you —

[Making great effort to hear]

What? I am happier for it. She'll understand. It is all right with me. I hope it is with her.

[It will be noted that "I am happier for it" is the same phrase as that used by my communicator through the trance, as if he were repeating to Mrs. Piper's returning spirit some of the same language used to me while she was unconscious of what was being transmitted through her organism.]

### *Close*

SITTING OF JUNE 6, 1906

[Permission had been given for my sister Grace, Mrs. Moore, to accompany me on this occasion. She was present at the opening of the sitting and at its close, as I wished her to see the medium enter and leave the trance state, and I think she had a few words with Rector.]

*The General*

. . . . .  
(I have copies of all that you have said to me here, and I do not think it will all be published by the Society, so that leaves the coast clear for me to publish something in my book, and I propose to do that, and speak of your life in Boston.)

Very good. I should like that very much indeed, because I do not care now. I lived to know the truth, to understand the truth and to speak the truth, and the truth will live, and I am not ashamed of my name or anything associated or connected with it, and the truth will bear its weight throughout the universe, and I think it is better to be frank and open and honest with the name.

. . . . .  
I heard a little music in your room the other evening and I heard an instrument being played, and I sat in a large chair right near the table. You were apparently reclining.

(Was somebody else making the music?)

Yes, yes. It was your sister, I think. And you were reclining, and I was sitting in the large chair and listening.

(That was lovely.)

And I heard it all. And then I heard —

(Do you want my sister to come in the room now?)

I am afraid it will interrupt me. I heard “Old Oaken Bucket” plainly.

(Was my sister playing that or was I?)

You were playing it.

(Well, that is one of my favorites.)

Well, I don't know it at all. I know I heard it. I heard you play it. I caught the air. Then I heard her play a religious thing, religious piece.

(Now, General, wait a moment. My sister is just outside. I think I will call her in, but you need not speak to her unless you wish.)

I am afraid it will interrupt me. I thought it might interrupt my thoughts.

(When I am alone in my room I sometimes sit down and play a little bit, and often play “The Old Oaken Bucket.”)

Yes, yes, I hear that. Well, I heard that. Then I heard another little one that sounded like “The Suwanee River.”

(I did not play it.)

No, your sister. She played a few bars of it. And then I heard a waltz, a waltz being played. I think she has a very pretty touch, and I think she sings a little, doesn't she?

(Oh, yes.)



But why doesn't she sing? I heard her humming but not much singing to it.

(Well, her throat troubles her a little now.)

She is not well, but the spirit will improve the flesh.

[I do not play much, and do not play often, but probably play "The Old Oaken Bucket" oftener than any other one piece. I did not play it on the evening referred to. This sitting took place on Wednesday. On the preceding Friday evening I was in my room with my sister, Mrs. Moore, who was then visiting me, though she had not been with me for nearly a year prior to this visit. A friend of hers called, and during the evening my sister, who is very musical, sat down at the piano. I betook myself to a couch, decidedly reclining. The friend sat in a small rocker, and the Morris chair, the largest chair in the room, which stood near the center table, was unoccupied. My sister's playing is noted among her friends for its remarkably pretty touch, and she has a way of humming at times when she does not feel able to sing. As I remember this evening she sang in a low tone at first, and finally sang one or two songs in her natural manner. She tells me that she played just a few strains of "The Suwanee River" on the evening in question, though I did not re-

member it and could not have told that she did play it.]

. . . . .  
*Close*

SITTING OF SEPTEMBER 26, 1906

[There is on this occasion quite a long conversation with Dr. Hodgson. This and Rector's talk occupy the larger portion of the hour.]

*The General*

Here I am. I am delighted to see you. How are you?

(I am fine. Don't you think so?)

Good. Isn't that splendid! Yes, I think you are. I never saw you better. Did you ask your sister about that music?

(Yes.)

Well, wasn't I right?

(Yes, you were. She played, "The Suwanee River" that night, but I did not know it.)

Yes, and you often play "The Old Oaken Bucket?"

(Yes.)

. . . . .

Do you know that I am with you when your body is in repose and your spirit is floating around conversing with me? Do you remem-

ber it when you wake? What are you doing?  
Are you writing?

(General, I have to write down every word.  
I wish I did not.)

Why don't you split the difference and divide your mind?

(Well, I will. It hinders me. I think I will drop it now.)

I wish you would. You lose the personality.

[Which means that I discard paper and pen, sit close to Mrs. Piper, and have an easy, natural conversation with my communicator.]

### *Close*

SITTING OF AUGUST 5, 1907

[The date of this sitting is a little out of season. Mrs. Piper had just returned from England and gave a few sittings before leaving Boston again to spend the remainder of the summer in the country.]

### *The General*

Little rills make wider streamlets,  
Streamlets swell, the rivers grow;  
And they join the ocean billows,  
Onward, onward, as they go.

Does that sound natural?

(Yes. Will you say that once more?)

[Verse repeated]

(All right, that is natural. How do you do, General?)

Well, how do *you* do? I do as I'm a mind to most of the time.

. . . . .

Do you realize that even though I go on in life, progressing in this life, and go step by step, my spirit is improving, I still look back, and never a step forward do I go that I do not look back and live in pleasant memories always of the old, olden days. . . . I have enough sentiment in my nature which has become a part of myself and my spirit here that if I sound or seem sentimental you must overlook it, because it is a part of the spirit.

(You cannot be too sentimental for me.)

I know your nature, but I say that sentiment is a part, and a finer, higher part, of the spiritual life and its existence. And life is love and love is life, and life is love, therefore it is universal.

. . . . .

[In speaking about the mediumistic power of another psychic, he concludes by saying:]

Well, ask Hodgson. He will tell you. He has been a great help to me over here, and he has been helping Myers all during the burning



of the Light. Perhaps you don't know what has been going on?

(Not much.)

Well, perhaps it is just as well if you don't. I don't know very much about it myself, only I know we are very pleased on this side.

[This doubtless refers to the work of the season just closed. See Pr. S. P. R. Part LVII, Vol. XXII, October, 1908.]

[Toward the close of the hour my communicator says:]

But I am going to ask Hodgson what part of his reports he wants you to have and he will tell you.

(The time is up.)

I must let him come.

(The time is up.)

Well, he has got to speak to you, I can't help it. It is not good-by, only *au revoir*.

[A brief talk with Dr. Hodgson follows, at the close of which he says: "God bless you, and stick to it. That is the advice of your old friend R. H."]

### *Close*

SITTING OF NOVEMBER 20, 1907

[There is very little that can be quoted from this sitting. I held conversations with three communicators, and my old friend Hiram

Hart sent a brief message of remembrance. More than twenty-four years have elapsed since he passed away. This is the occasion on which my communicator says that "delays are dangerous" and he now wishes me to push my work along as rapidly as possible. While advising and urging me, he says:]

*The General*

You are a little bit stubborn, do you know it? You get an idea and you want to carry that idea, you analyze it, you say it over in your mind, and you are inclined to go back to the first idea. Sometimes the broadest and most reasonable minds are willing to add an idea to their oldest idea, and have two ideas instead of one.

(Well, I hope I am.)

[Further on he says:]

Imperator calls you one of his children. I suppose you must be.

(I am glad to know that.)

Well, he watches over you with his all-seeing eye and does not want you to fail or fall into error.

. . . . .

*Close*

[What follows is my final illustration of the running voice communications of this period.]

SITTING OF JUNE 17, 1908

*The General*

You have heard of pearly gates and streets of pearl? Those were as real as any expression which you may use in the physical life. More real. It is a fact,—there are streets of pearl, gates of pearl.

(Just like our pearl?)

It is similar. Yes, the comparison is so near that you could not mistake it for a moment. And our castles, our homes, are real. They are as real to us as yours are to you. Yours is simply the imitation, ours is the real. We have streets, we have gardens, we have homes, we have rivers, we have lakes. If we bathe in the river our garments are not wet, but still we are purified, we are cleansed. But the natural hair—but entering it does not saturate our garments, and it does not wet what you call the hair. We come out and it is light and dry, the garments are dry, but the soul is purified by bathing in the waters. Is that clear to you? We walk about the lakes, we walk in the gardens, we meet friends, we commune with friends, we hear music, we hear sermons, and we pass our time glorifying God and living in His presence, in a sense,—understanding what

His hand hath created and what He has blessed us with, eternal life.

(When you go out of your mansion and look up toward what would be our sky, what do you see?)

We see above us, we see our world radiant, filled with light, a beautiful, soft moonlight, difficult for you to comprehend because it is so clear, so beautiful, so light. We do not see what you see — stars — but we see this beautiful moonlight above us, all round us. The air is scented with the most delicious perfume. It is so exquisitely delicate that it seems almost a part of our own existence, it is so beautiful, so delicate, and so real. And we see above us this beautiful light, and it is what you would call in your world the heavens. It is above us, far above us, and we see at times, we see — a face appears. It grows lighter at times, especially when we are in a particularly happy state. The face appears over us and we know it is the face of Christ. We hear the swishing of the garment, as it were, and then it passes off and some one else receives the vision.

(Do you ever see any other face like that in the heavens except that of Christ?)

We see what you would call — there are saints administering to those who need help, or perhaps have just passed over, have not un-



derstood the conditions, and these saints appear to give them courage and to give them faith and to show them that this is everlasting and eternal life. I am not very good at preaching.

(Then you do not have our beautiful firmament of stars at night?)

We have what corresponds to your stars. There are rays, as it were, little flickering rays all through the firmament, all through the heavens. We see these little rays all about us, this beautiful figure passing, we see another face and then another as it passes. Why do we not come into closer proximity with them, as we say? Because they are superior even to ourselves, they have progressed, they have gone on to a higher, even, sphere than our own. That is, they are the controlling, the ruling forces, and govern our own life and our own world. Do you understand?

(Yes.)

A word of command, simply a hand is raised — we know its meaning, we understand it, we sense it as a little child would sense danger, or a sensitive animal would sense danger.

[The term “subliminal” as applied in the early years to utterances at the close of the trance I adopted from the reports of others.]

*Subliminal*

[I have not exact notes of what Mrs. Piper said on this occasion while coming out of trance, but I have a memorandum that she mentioned the names of nearly all my special friends on the Other Side, as if she were seeing them:—Hiram Hart, the General, my sister Laura, my father, the baby, my grandmother, Pickett. My grandmother holds the baby up and the baby sends love to its mother, and just then the General picked a rose and handed it to the baby, and the baby was picking it to pieces. The psychic, gradually returning to consciousness, calls this one of the most beautiful sights she ever saw.]

END OF PART I

PART II  
THE PAST DECADE





### III

#### PRELIMINARY

While it is true that during the past decade communications through the Piper mediumship have been less frequent and less voluminous than in former years, I have thought that some brief narration regarding the normal personality of the medium and the changed character of her mediumship might be of interest, and certainly ought to be on record.

Above all I have sought to bring out in its full light the remarkable fidelity of loved ones who have gone before, as exemplified by those individual spirits who have found themselves among the privileged ones having access to a special gateway of return. Years, decades, mean nothing to them, and apparently even their passing to a sphere in the spiritual world higher than that which they entered at death is no obstacle to the carrying out of their purpose, and, so long as their special gateway remains open and opportunity offers, so long will they continue to reiterate their assurances of sympathy and their promises of reunion. They

never forget. If this be true of those who are privileged to return, we may certainly infer that those who are not so privileged must also remain faithful to strong bonds of duty or of love.

Notes of all sittings were written out at the time, and comments made while the subject matter was fresh in my mind, but in bringing the records up to date, and preparing them for publication I have taken the liberty to alter here and there these comments, to suit sentiments that I may hold at the present time.

During the years of the Great War and since, so many lives have been snuffed out suddenly and seemingly before their time, lives given voluntarily to a cause or a principle, that in the popular mind, so it seems, death has really come to be only an incident in life. During these years many individuals have received, through one channel or another, what to them were actual messages from their beloved dead, and there has come about a much more general acceptance of the idea of continuous life. The higher character and helpfulness of the communications have come to be the important thing, and there is possibly a proportionately lessened interest in strained search after proof, at least for proof of the only kind that will satisfy the mind which is determined despite

everything to remain skeptical. I believe there is to-day more than one scientific investigator, with reputation for deep thinking and clear exposition, who feels that cumulative evidential incidents, and even unverifiable matter which is strongly characteristic of the supposed communicators, will in the long run virtually amount to proof.

All communications recorded in Part II have come through the involuntary writing, the voice of the medium not being made use of by the controls, as was done in the earlier years.

April, 1920.

## IV

### THE BOY HAROLD

1908, 1909

My last published report of extracts from reports of private sittings with Mrs. Piper was dated June 17, 1908.

In order to show that the so-called "personalities" or group of spirits communicating through the psychic have apparently continued their interest in my life, I will say that at a sitting which occurred on Dec. 16, 1908, the controlling spirit Rector, in a personal conversation, and in the midst of helpful suggestions relating to the uplift of life in general, said:

"Remember the prophet speaks and says that when the Light is again on the other side you will meet it there."

"On the other side" in this instance means on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, or in Europe. "Light" here and elsewhere in this volume means the organism of the psychic.

I might say in passing that this was not the first time that the prophecy was made that I



was to be in Europe with the Light. Not at all an improbable thing, yet something of which there was no immediate prospect at any time when the statement was made. At a sitting held on March 17, 1909, it was again stated that I was going to England, and that I would be there in company with the Light.

On April 14, 1909, I was present at a writing sitting as an assistant; that is, the sitter, although he had been personally acquainted with Mrs. Piper many years, was a stranger to her trance condition, and I was to help him read and interpret the automatic writing as it came, and to conduct the sitting generally, but was supposed to keep my own personality decidedly in the background. I had, however, an unusual experience at this sitting, and must give a brief account of it.

There was great confusion at the opening. I assumed at the outset that whatever might come through the involuntary writing would be intended for the sitter, and I was trying to make something clear out of what did come at first, yet all the while Rector, the control, kept hearing the voice of another spirit, not connected with the sitter, calling insistently for recognition. This spirit was finally, in a flash, recognized by me as a nephew, a boy of nineteen who had passed out of the body five days,

or a little less than five whole days, previously. He accidentally shot himself with an old rickety gun while in the act of pulling the gun out of a rowboat from which he had himself just stepped. After the lead had entered his breast he exclaimed to his chum, who had been gunning on the water with him in another boat: "My God, Newt, I have shot myself." He then fell to the ground, was shortly removed to his home, and after several hours of unconsciousness passed away without speaking again. The following was written:

"A N N calling it to me. Where is Annie? Please tell her I want to see her about my things." "Do you know who Addie is, Annie? Oh dear, what can I do to make it clear?" "I want to tell Annie *where I am*, and this lady is trying to make you understand."

The letters "H a r" were written, very large and clear, the only letters on the page. Then after the terminations "rie" and "ry" the whole word "Harold" was written very distinctly.

Harold passed out of the body on April 9, I think in the early evening. The sitting took place on April 14 at half past 10 o'clock in the morning, making the time between the passing out and the return less than five whole days.

His home was in the country a hundred miles or more from Boston, but I knew him well and had often been to the old homestead where he lived. Leaving out of account the theory, testified to by so many returning spirits, that a more or less extended period of coma or unconsciousness occurs in most instances immediately after passing out of the body, it does not seem to me at all strange that, with the many friends I have on the Other Side who are familiar with and are allowed at this gateway of return, Harold should so soon have been brought there to get a word through to me. He was to have been married shortly, and the future must have looked bright to him. "Please tell her I want to see her about my things," and "I want to tell Annie where I am," are remarks which would quite naturally be the first to occur to one of his age and in his circumstances.

There are recorded instances in which young men or boys just entering upon manhood not only seem to be able to return in strength but are most eager to make the attempt if but the slightest opportunity is offered.

On November 10, 1909, I had my last sitting prior to Mrs. Piper's departure for England for an indefinite stay. While I received several messages intended for persons outside

of my own family, the sitting was on the whole a sort of personal farewell.

The boy Harold put in another brief appearance, the message coming to me much more clearly than on his first return, this being a voice sitting. He referred to that first attempt, his lack of understanding, on account of his having just "come over"; said there was a man whom they called "the doctor"—Dr. Hodgson he thought—who told him to go and get a word to his aunt quickly. I was told that he suffered no pain in passing out, and that he was now studying about the stars with his grandpa. Harold was a baby when his grandfather (my father) died, but the latter, although not a professional, was a great lover of astronomy and was all his life studying the stars. It was his delight to take some younger person, usually one of his own children, out under the canopy of blue on an evening when the atmosphere was clear, and point out to him the constellations. It does not seem at all unlikely that he should have taken Harold under his wing as a student of the stars, even so soon after the boy's passing over.



## V

### TEMPORARY CESSATION IN MRS. PIPER'S WORK

NOVEMBER, 1909, TO NOVEMBER, 1911

In November, 1909, Mrs. Piper and her daughters sailed for England, this being her third trip abroad. In the previous July she had written me from the country:

“ We do not look forward to going with any sort of pleasure, as we would much rather remain here, and I am really tired of psychical research. When I think of all it means to break up and go under the strain of scientific investigation again, I simply feel as though I could not do it possibly.”

Poor management of her sittings for some time prior to this trip, the presence at the trance of persons who were inexperienced, unsympathetic, and not competent to handle the trance with the care and delicacy with which it should be handled, undoubtedly had much to

do with causing this reluctant feeling on her part. This is a subject, however, on the details of which I do not care to enter at this time, as reference to it has already been made in other publications, and as I do not presume to be competent to pass final judgment on matters of this kind.

A letter from her dated Dec. 21, 1909, says:

“ At last after a most unpleasant voyage of twelve days' duration we are on *terra firma* and I for one feel like shouting just because we are all alive at this moment. We have the dearest little home that ever was. Three attempts at sittings have proved futile. Absolutely no trance or even suggestion of one.”

In the following January, 1910, she wrote me that her physician had ordered a complete rest of six weeks. On March 26, 1910, one of the daughters wrote that her mother was better, but had not begun to give sittings, and as late as June 3 of the same year the same daughter wrote that her mother had not been able to do anything for the Society all the previous winter.

On January 12, 1911, Mrs. Piper writes:

“ Regarding my future work for the Society, I of course can say but little, as the power is not under my control. . . . But what am I to do but go on, doing the best I can, in the belief that all is well and ever will be? I of course do not know what lies in store for me in future. All I can say is, time will tell and we shall see. I am willing to do what God wills and gives me strength to do, whether it be this or some other work.”

I am offering the data in this chapter not as covering the full facts in the case, but simply to set forth the situation as it appeared from my own view-point, with the ocean between us, and in order to make the account of my personal relation to Mrs. Piper and the phenomena produced through her a connected one.

Many letters which I received from Mrs. Piper were purely personal and confidential, written with no thought of their ever falling under the eye of any person but myself. It is only upon my urgent request that she has consented to the publication of a few extracts from those letters, and none are published without that consent.

She returned to America from England in November, 1911, having done practically noth-

ing for the Society during her stay of two years, although, as we shall see, the seeds of a new work were then sown. As for my own connection with the work, to outward appearances it had ceased, in spite of numerous prophecies to the contrary still awaiting fulfilment.



## VI

### AUTOMATIC WRITING WITHOUT TRANCE

#### THE M. B. INCIDENT

1911, 1912

Other publications have given some account of the inception in Mrs. Piper, during her two years' stay in England, of the power mentioned in the previous chapter, to produce automatic writing while in the conscious state, or without going into the deep trance to which she had from the beginning been accustomed, and which had appeared to be a necessity in the case. I need not, therefore, attempt to describe the writing, except to say that on casual glance it appears to be much like the script produced while in trance. But Mrs. Piper, instead of dropping her head on a pile of pillows and falling asleep, appears to be normally awake, and occasionally makes a remark, though at times her eyes have a dreamy, far-away look, as if she were

about to, or at least could easily, slip into trance. While I am not prepared to say just how much or how little of what comes through her hand she is conscious of at the time, or remembers for any considerable period afterwards, preferring to leave discussion of that point to others and to confine myself to facts in my own experience, yet the series of incidents I am about to relate I consider very important as tending to show, and almost positively to prove, that *much* of what comes through she does *not* apprehend, unless we can assume the greatest dissembling on the part of several persons, which we assuredly cannot do of the particular persons concerned.<sup>1</sup>

The initials *M. B.* should be remembered as those of a former sitter,<sup>2</sup> a lady well known in life to Richard Hodgson, of strong character, an active worker for the betterment of the unfortunate, and withal a spiritually minded person, evidently standing high in the esteem of the trance personalities; not a special friend of the normal Mrs. Piper during the lifetime of Dr. Hodgson, but becoming such after his death.

The initials *E. A. F.* should be remembered as those of a friend and associate worker with

<sup>1</sup> Dates mentioned should be carefully followed.

<sup>2</sup> Margaret Bancroft. See also pp. 220-21.

*M. B.*, also familiar with psychical research and with the peculiar work of Mrs. Piper.

Both these persons lived at a considerable distance from Boston, which has been my own residence for many years, as well as that of Mrs. Piper.

Mrs. Piper landed in America from England on Nov. 8, 1911, but, although my friendship with her had been of long standing, I was not at first apprised of this fact by her, and did not know where she had located until the 19th of the following January, 1912. I did not even know of her landing at all until Nov. 23, being then informed in a letter written to me by *M. B.*

A few days before Christmas *M. B.* sent me a copy of a poem composed by her friend *E. A. F.*, relating to Mrs. Piper; no doubt assuming that I knew of Mrs. P.'s location, and would deliver it to her. On Dec. 22 I sent the poem, with a note of my own, to Mrs. Piper, thinking that the offering might be welcome at the Christmas season. I forwarded it by the hand of a relative of the family, as I did not then know her own residence. It appeared later that the messenger forgot to deliver it for Christmas, and it was not delivered until Dec. 29.

This poem follows:

She gave herself that men might know the truth.  
Her all she gave; the glad years of her youth,  
The somber years that close life's earthly span;  
She gave them all — an offering to Man.  
The pleasures women love she put aside;  
Her freedom she renounced; she cast her pride  
Into the dust, and bore contempt and scorn  
With silent fortitude. She did not mourn  
Her loneliness; no hardship was too great  
For her to bear. Her life was consecrate  
To that high service wherein all mankind  
In centuries to come will learn to find  
An answer to the primal Mystery  
Of Life and Death, and of Eternity.

She gave no thought to praise or martyrdom,  
But stood prepared to meet whate'er might come  
In perfect faith. Her earthly self she placed  
In others' hands; unquestioning she faced  
The coming of the Darkness; unafraid  
She watched the outer world grow dim and fade.  
And in her sleep, aloof from common things,  
Her soul awoke and stirred, then spread its wings  
And fled away to some celestial space  
Beyond the finite realm of time and place,  
Leaving her mortal frame, an empty shell  
Upon the shore of earth. The Sentinel  
Who guards the human clay, prepared and near,  
Straightway infilled the shell with life, and clear  
In voice prophetic or in lines soon conned,  
There came a message from the World Beyond.

And when 'twas finished, like a tired bird,  
Her spirit fluttered back, a whispered word



Fell from her lips like some faint echoing  
From that far world to which her soul did cling  
As if unwilling to be bound afresh  
Within the prison of the weary flesh.

And thus in Light and Shade her life was spent,  
Her body given as an instrument  
To Science, so that Man at length might see  
The Light that lies beyond the Mystery.  
O ye who scoff, would ye pay such a price?  
Would one among you make such sacrifice?

E. A. F.

To go back a little. *M. B.* was taken seriously ill on the morning of December 21, 1911, and died in the early morning of Jan. 3, 1912. I learned of the passing shortly after it occurred.

On Jan. 19, 1912, I received a note from Mrs. Piper herself, giving me her location in the city, and as soon as possible thereafter I called on her. I have not the date of this call, but it must have been that very evening or the following one, and it was upon this occasion that she informed me that she had developed the power of involuntary writing without trance. This was naturally a great surprise to me, for although I had heard one or two rumors that she had developed a new "control," the possibility of involuntary writing while in her normal state had never even oc-

curred to me. This need not seem strange, since in Mrs. Piper's case the depth of trance with apparent unconsciousness, as compared with that of other psychics, was something quite unusual, at least as far as my experience went. The idea at once flashed upon me, however, that perhaps after all the foresight of the trance personalities was greater than we had supposed, and that neither Mrs. Piper's work nor my connection with it had really come to an end. All the while another psychic, one not known to the S. P. R., Mrs. K., who is supposed to have an Indian control, kept insisting that Mrs. Piper (referring to her not by name but by description and character) was to do more and even better work than she had yet done. This was told me at various times, even while Mrs. P. was in England.

Under the peculiar conditions of severed relationship, delicate health, etc., existing at the time I was informed of the new kind of writing, I did not then think best to seek any communications through Mrs. Piper, feeling that the writing could not and should not be in the least forced. This policy I have consistently and almost invariably followed up to the present time.

To return to the very beginning of the year 1912. On learning of the passing of *M. B.*

I at once felt that it was highly important that I preserve silence on the subject when in the presence of Mrs. Piper or her daughters, and as will be seen later, there was an understanding on that point between *E. A. F.* and myself. Although there appeared in one of our local papers an obituary notice of this lady, I am positive that it did not fall under the eye of Mrs. Piper, and if my dates and incidents are followed carefully it will be seen that she not only did not know of the passing of *M. B.*, one of the staunchest of her friends and supporters, for about six months after it occurred, but did not know, until told long afterwards, that less than three months after the death a message came through her hand, in her apparently normal state, from the same *M. B.*

The poem must be borne in mind, and those who were familiar with the trance in the earlier days will certainly recognize it as not simply a poetical but a quite accurate description, as far as such a thing can be described in poetry, of the manner of Mrs. Piper's going into and coming out of trance, besides being a beautiful tribute to her sacrifice of time and privacy of personal life to the cause of science. Surely such a tribute could not be accepted by her without acknowledgment. All the more reason, then, why she should desire to communi-

cate with *M. B.*, who sent it to her. But *M. B.* had herself passed to the Great Beyond only a few days after the poem reached Mrs. Piper's hands.

*M. B.* died on Jan. 3.

On Feb. 3, Mrs. Piper casually remarked to me that she, or I think her daughter for her, had written to *M. B.* asking permission to make certain use of the poem, but had received no reply. The pathos of the situation went to my heart, but at the command of my judgment it immediately hardened, and in order to postpone developments and at the same time have Mrs. Piper obtain some satisfaction, I suggested that she write to *E. A. F.*, who was the real author of the poem. She replied that her letter had been a joint one to both persons, and she naturally felt somewhat aggrieved that no attention had been paid to it.

Very soon after that I left Boston for Washington, for a stay of two weeks, and on my return, Feb. 17, found a letter, several days old, from *E. A. F.*, telling me of the receipt of Mrs. Piper's letter mentioned in the above paragraph, and asking my advice as to whether to tell her frankly of the death of *M. B.* I replied on the following day, the 18th, and while I do not find among my papers copy of my reply, the succeeding letter received from



*E. A. F.*, from which I will quote, indicates its nature.

Feb. 24, 1912.

"I held Miss Piper's letter until I heard from you. I have now written her saying that she might use the verses in any way she saw fit and excusing delay. I closed with the statement that Mrs. P. might 'hear from *M. B.* soon.' In a separate enclosed envelope I wrote Miss Alta privately explaining that *M. B.* had passed over, and asking that if possible she withhold the facts from her mother, and in case of writing look for some evidence of a message.

I am sorry that Mrs. P. felt hurt at the delayed reply to her daughter's letter. I am absolutely certain that *M. B.* will try to get through a characteristic message if such a thing is possible, and if Mrs. P. can serve as an avenue of passage it will be to her that *M. B.* will turn. Nevertheless the personal side of Mrs. P.'s life is entitled to every consideration, and I agree with you that too rigid secrecy is unfair and unnecessary."

On March 26 I spent the evening at Mrs. Piper's home, my visit being purely a social one. Toward the close of it, however, she

felt impressed to write, and her hand was apparently made use of by some power outside of herself, when lo and behold, with the help of R. H. on the Other Side, a brief but clear message came from *M. B.* for *E. A. F.*, R. H. prefacing it with the words: "I am R. H. Hello, hello, are you Robbins? I have a message to give you."<sup>1</sup> Only initials were used in the message, and Mrs. Piper apparently understood nothing of it, and did not try to. During the entire sitting Miss Alta Piper did not give any sign that she knew of the passing of *M. B.*, nor did we mention the matter to each other during the remainder of the evening, and I have no reason to this day for supposing that Alta knew that I was aware of the fact, excepting as it may possibly appear later in this chapter that she did. Mrs. Piper incidentally mentioned in the course of the evening that she still had not heard from *M. B.*, but that *E. A. F.* had given permission to make any use of the verses she saw fit. She also said that she intended to write to *M. B.* when the latter should have reached her place of summer residence, where she might be less occupied and might find time to reply.

There were also in the writing things personal to myself, and Mrs. Piper remarked that

<sup>1</sup> Richard Hodgson.

she thought it must be because of my sympathy that she felt impressed to write — that she had a short time previously tried to obtain writing for a very dear and old friend, but had failed.

I cannot here give the message that came for *E. A. F.*, that not being my object at this time, nor do I publish private communications coming for others unless specially requested or permitted to do so.

The important point is that a message came, was recognized by the recipient as most significant, corroboration sent to me, and that Mrs. Piper had no conscious knowledge of the facts. To make this point still stronger, I might add that *M. B.* had been in England during a portion of the time covered by Mrs. Piper's last visit, and had been specially friendly with her at that time, and it thus seemed all the more strange that so dear a personal friend could have been dead three months without Mrs. Piper's having the slightest inkling of the fact, and without her recognizing, when there came through her own hand and when not in trance, what was supposedly a message from this very friend.

The message in question and its corroboration were duly reported to Sir Oliver Lodge.

On the following May 4 I met Mrs. Piper again. We occasionally met for a walk or a

little visit. On this occasion she related to me a very clear dream which she had had about *M. B.* In her dream she seemed to be sinking in water or trying to swim, and *M. B.* held out a line to her, telling her to cling to that and she would save her. She felt herself pulled ashore by that line, and then *M. B.* vanished.

Interpretations of dreams occur to me very quickly, many of them no doubt very fanciful. I immediately took this dream to be symbolical, and felt that *M. B.* might from the Other Side, by her influence, her interest and her energy, lift Mrs. Piper out from what might have seemed at that time a trying condition.

But even then I made not the slightest reference to the passing of *M. B.*

Time passed. Mrs. Piper and her family went into another State for the summer. The month of July I spent on the coast of Maine at a spot not many miles from where *E. A. F.* also had his summer residence. On July 24 I called on him and he told me that he had, quite recently I assumed, received a letter from Miss Alta Piper, saying that she would like to tell her mother of the death of *M. B.* While *E. A. F.* did not see any need of keeping the matter longer a secret, in his reply he had suggested that the question be referred to me.



This, however, was not done, though the fact of the death was evidently at that time communicated to Mrs. Piper by her daughter. He had since received a letter from Mrs. Piper herself, in which she seemed, literally, broken-hearted, and although I wrote her immediately upon learning of these facts, explaining fully how and why it had been decided to keep from her all knowledge of the death of *M. B.*, several months passed before I heard from her again, and I did not see her again until late in the fall.

In a letter dated Oct. 4 of the same year she wrote :

“ It has taken me a long time to recover from the sad shock of my friend *M. B.*’s death and the conditions concerning it. To me it seemed all too sad and horrible. At first I thought it would be impossible for me ever to reply to your letter, as I could gather from it no reason for your having kept silent so long or for having warned *E. A. F.* not to divulge what you seemed to consider a secret. It is through philosophy only that I am able to pick up the threads of friendship and go on. . . . However, you doubtless thought you were doing right and benefiting science.”

About a week later, possibly fearing she had been a little too severe with me, she wrote :

“ Perhaps I have not clearly understood your position with science and the Society. However, you have won out in one respect and that ought to be worth more to *you* than friendship: *i. e.*, through all this sorrowful transaction you have proven conclusively that I had no normal means of knowing what my hand wrote. So far as Alta was concerned she kept the news from me, warned by *E. A. F.* through your instruction to do so, until I had actually written *M. B.* rather a severe letter which Alta begged me not to send, saying she would have an outsider write to her for me. Instead of this, however, she wrote asking *E. A. F.*'s consent to break the sad news to me. All this Alta told me later. Well, it is over, passed and gone, but that it has left its traces of sorrow and that it brought much suffering I cannot deny.”

Let me say right here that Mrs. Piper is of course altogether too sensible to allow a personal friendship of long standing to be broken by such an occurrence as I have related, when once circumstances and reasons are fully understood, and very soon after the date of the

last letter quoted, we met and talked the matter over freely.

In part explanation of the fact that personal feelings in connection with the loss by death of a personal friend were not in this case sufficiently considered by those about her to whom the death was known, I wish to say that the three persons mentioned were not near together, each went his or her own way for the summer, and none felt that the responsibility for deciding just when the facts should be made known rested on his or her shoulders, and thus the matter was dropped by each one, awaiting further developments.

In explanation and part justification of my own attitude in the case I will say that it did appear to me extremely important, from the standpoint of evidence for the Society, that opportunity should be given for *M. B.* to return if possible without knowledge of her death on the part of the psychic: for of all those in the earthly group of sitters many of whom have now passed on, she certainly would be one to make an effort to communicate. Then, again, the case had been reported to Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the leading members of the Society, and I felt that the matter was really out of my hands. And, finally, I did not know until long afterwards how much of a friend of Mrs.

Piper *M. B.* had become during the last two years of the latter's life, for I had not been told that they were in England at the same time, had been much together, and that circumstances were such as to strengthen and make sacred the friendship between them. Had I known this I might have acted differently.

I trust that my motive in giving the above extremely personal details thus fully will be understood, for if ever there was a case where the consideration due the personal life of the psychic and the attitude of reserve toward her which has in the past generally been considered by scientific investigators to be the proper one come in conflict with each other, this certainly is such a case. And if ever there was a case in which the psychic, if she had known by any normal or abnormal means of the death of a certain person, would have given evidence of such knowledge to those about her, this certainly is such a case.



## VII

### BRIEF MESSAGES AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE

1912-1915

During the two or three years following the last date given, it was only at rare intervals that any messages for me came through the involuntary writing, either when I was present or when no one was there but members of the family. During these years the writing was not sought by those closely associated with the psychic, but I am told that on the infrequent occasions when it did occur, it was carefully preserved by her daughter and forwarded to officials or members of the S. P. R. in England; or, if messages came for individuals, they were privately offered to the persons concerned. The few that were received by me have no special interest for the general reader, except that they show that I was kept in mind by the group of personalities having control on the Other Side, and while it was not always possible for me to decide, especially in instances

where I was not myself present, from what particular personality the message came, the message itself was in almost every case significant if not positively evidential, and its meaning was easily interpreted by me, of course more or less correctly. I select only a few such messages, detaching them from irrelevant matters referred to at the same sitting.

On March 19, 1914, the following came:

“Our love to Miss Robbins. Tell her we are by no means dead yet. Activity awaits us.”

“The boy who got into the boat with gun is all right and sends love to his father John, mother too. Grandma is here happy and well with Laura. Oh she is so surprised to find us all here living and in our own happy and peaceful homes. God loves His own and guides all who trust in him.”

The “boy” was quickly recognized as my nephew Harold, about whom I have written fully in Chapter IV. His father’s name is John. His grandma, my mother, died in 1911. Laura was my oldest sister who died many years ago, much attached to my mother in life, and who, I had been told, was to be the first

one to greet my mother when her time for passing from one phase of life to the other should come.

On April 13, 1914, I was asked, as I have frequently been in the past, to deliver a message for another person, and in addition the following came, Dr. Hodgson communicating:

“Tell Miss R. mother says it is quite time we were giving light, as father and I have already seen our mistakes and send much love.”

I did not attempt to make any special application of these words. I will say, however, that about this time and extending over a period of some months the question of sale of our old homestead was under consideration, a famous old place which no doubt my father had believed would always remain in the possession of some one bearing his own name. Matters pertaining to the division of the property might conceivably have troubled both him and my mother.

Again about the first of March, 1915, came the following regarding my mother:

“Mother says she is now less blind and hopes you realize it.”

While my mother in this life clung to her or-

thodox belief until the very last, she was not narrow-minded, and was even eager on occasions to have me narrate to her my personal experiences in psychical investigation; and when I had finished she would pretend that she did not believe there was any truth in them. Toward the last of her life I made an effort to impress upon her mind certain names, perhaps a half dozen, those of Rector, Imperator, etc., and some of my own personal friends. I asked her to repeat them over to herself, which I knew she was willing to do, and upon reaching the Other Side to try to recall them, and if possible to find the personalities for whom the names stood, telling her that if she did not find them they no doubt would find her. Therefore the remark that she "was less blind and hoped I realized it" had much more significance for me than the mere words implied.

Also on the same day came:

"Besides a friend named Orin or similar name returns to send his greeting. He comes with the General. One in a thousand is a good simile. She will understand."

The man whose Christian name was Orinton died in 1907. He had purported to return at least once before, and I think only once, namely, on Dec. 16, 1908. On that occasion he said:



"Didn't I tell you once that you were one in a thousand?" Now, more than six years later, the same words are used.

This man was for a number of years associated with me in public office. The fact is that at one time he remarked to me, impulsively: "You are one in *ten thousand*; you are one in a *thousand*, any way." I cannot state positively, but my memory is that at some time later in life I chaffed him considerably for having paid me such an extremely doubtful compliment. I think it must have been in life, otherwise the words would not have been so impressed upon his mind as well as upon my own. At any rate, my notes say that upon the occasion of his return in 1908 I reminded him that I had laughed a good deal over the incident. The truth is that he was in life very gentlemanly in his manner and ordinarily very polite in his language. [See pp. 59-63]

The remark quoted above, considering its implication, would rarely, almost never, be made by one friend to another; therefore its value here as evidence of identity is of some importance.

On April 29, 1915, a message was received for me purporting to come from Dr. Hodgson or while he was communicating, with his name written at its close, as follows:

“ Good work keep on I like to see it. Sorry for my own mistakes no one knows them better than I do now. My position was indeed a difficult one necessitating great secrecy and care. I had the whole world to fight therefore it was necessary for me to conduct myself and my work accordingly until I had proven facts. Now there is no reason for suppression or special secrecy or care. Live and let live will henceforth and forever be my motto.”

“ General and I have met and are in accord. I like him and we both send love. Do not let your pen lie idle. Jot down all those ideas and later put them into book form. My love always. R. Hodgson.”

This is another instance where, if we can imagine two communicators present, one speaking for the other or perhaps one listening to the other, and both in accord as to general sentiments to be expressed to the sifter, it is difficult to attribute all the words to one communicator, and the appearance is that the spirit purporting to communicate is so far influenced by the spirit standing beside him that the sentiments of the latter get recorded in quite characteristic and recognizable language.

For instance, the words “ good work keep on I like to see it,” if they related to my own

office work, were more likely to come from the General, as I was for some years associated with him in public office. "Sorry for my own mistakes," etc., might have been from either communicator. "My position was indeed a difficult one," etc., with the two or three sentences which follow, we must conclude came directly from Hodgson, for they are certainly applicable to the position which he held in psychological research circles during the last fifteen years of his life, and to his special work of investigation and experiment with Mrs. Piper. "Live and let live" was decidedly a motto and a policy of the General when in life. "Do not let your pen lie idle," etc., might have come from either spirit.

Confirmation of some portions of this message, which came at a later sitting and is given in the last few paragraphs of this chapter, should be read in connection with the above, but I must now give its application as I see it.

For two or three days previous I had been much troubled over work at my office, and had lost or mislaid a batch of valuable papers. On the evening before the day on which this message was written I remained at my office, went carefully over all of my papers which I could find and ascertained just which ones were

missing. That night and the night preceding I had been disturbed and sleepless. The work I had been doing was something unusual for me and unusual in the department, and for the time being considerable responsibility was put upon my shoulders. I was expected to keep in strict order complex papers comprising claims for payment by the Commonwealth which involved thousands of dollars. I had hoped and trusted and made silent appeal that I might see the lost papers in my sleep or in my waking dreams: for once many years before, I did find some lost papers by seeing in my sleep exactly where they lay in a certain drawer. On that previous occasion I myself had placed them in the drawer, where they did not belong at all, but had so completely forgotten the act that I declared over and over again that the papers were not in my possession. However, on the morning of the day on which the message quoted above was written, "good work; keep on, I like to see it," I threw the burden off my mind as well as I could, and that night slept better though was still somewhat troubled. The next morning the mail brought me the actual message, and later in that day my eyes suddenly, without search, fell upon the batch of lost papers lying in plain view on a table or desk near the center



of the room, but still where they did not belong.

I made notes on this message shortly after it was received, and then the whole matter practically dropped from my mind, but the confirmation of the message and its interpretation came more than three months later, at a sitting at which I was present, on Aug. 8, 1915. Account of this sitting as a whole will be given in the next chapter, but I must here offer a few extracts from the script of that date.

EXTRACTS FROM SITTING OF AUGUST 8, 1915  
RECTOR CONTROLLING

[The General was supposed to be communicating, and after a few opening remarks he said:]

I told Hodgson to tell you about some papers. Did he?

(Well, I got the papers and pencils, if that is what he means.)

[Referring simply to paper and pencils to be used at sitting, several blocks of paper.]

No, long ago, some Sabbaths. I told Hodgson to say it was as I liked to see it, and you were a little troubled about some papers.

(Do you mean when I was looking over old papers and destroying some?)

[During some little time previous to this

date I had, in my home, not at my office, looked over a great many private papers and destroyed most of them.]

No, you found them at the time of our messages. Try to remember.

(I will, but I cannot think —)

Did you receive a message from Hodgson through this Light?

(Yes, but I do not remember about papers.)

We did not mention papers but saw you sleepless and troubled and we came and gave a message. Never mind if you do not recall it. We sent it just the same.

[This was probably said by the control.]

(It will come to me probably.)

Ask the girl who just left.

[Meaning Alta Piper, Mrs. Piper's oldest daughter, who was present at the opening of the sitting and had then left the room.]

(All right, I will.)

Better clear it up and then we will go on to other things. Call her. Hodgson.

[Miss Alta returns.]

Hodgson says he sent a message saying all was — and you gave it. The last message he sent.

[Probably by the control.]

[By Miss Alta] (Do you mean the one I sent the other day?)

No. Do you recall having lost some papers?

[By Miss R.] (No, I do not.)

And dreaming? Do you recall our message at the time?

[In a flash of recognition]

(Yes, yes, yes, yes! Oh, that was beautiful! I found the papers all right on a desk. I remember distinctly that I threw it off my mind and thought I should find them, and I did the very next day, I think.)

But the girl sent our message at the same time.

(Oh, yes, I think it came at the same time. I remember distinctly Hodgson spoke of my good work.)

We saw you, and that was our way of telling you.

(Yes, yes, all right now.)

Splendid! So glad you now understand. I want to prove to you that we are —

[Interruption on account of difficulty in reading, and this sentence not finished except by some personal assurance. About the time when I *understood* the hand gave three thumps on the table.]

My notes and my memory are that the message was actually written early in the day on

which I attempted to throw the burden completely off my mind, and that the papers were found quite early in the day on which I received the message by mail.

My mind appears, in the preceding account, to be somewhat dense, not quick to comprehend or recognize, but by reference to the actual words of the message it will be seen that it was not easy at the time to apply them to the actual losing and finding of the papers, though I felt strongly that they had something to do with the unusual situation of myself in relation to my work.

This incident is strongly suggestive of telepathy between the living and the dead.



## VIII

### TEMPORARY RETURN OF THE TRANCE AUGUST, 1915

Not since November, 1909, had I seen Mrs. Piper in the deep trance characteristic of her sittings previous to that date.

She and her daughters spent the summer of 1915 in another New England State. On Aug. 5 of that year the following message came through the involuntary writing and was promptly mailed to me at Boston. I give it complete as it came to me.

“HAIL ++

Hodgson & Rector

Robbins we are calling you to meet us on coming Sabbath as of old, through light and you must be in readiness and fully prepared to meet all requirements as great and good things are to come of it. Shirk not any responsibilities demanded of you by us. Be in these surroundings when the earthly world is in a state of prayer. Many messages are to

be sent and much to be said to you. Guidance is what you need.

Beware and be on hand and in readiness to meet us on day mentioned. In the meantime our love and blessing rest on you.

+ Farewell.

R. & H."

A day or two previous I had received an invitation from Mrs. Piper to spend the week end with her, but as I was soon to start on a trip to the California Coast I did not think best to accept, and had written declining it. Then came the call.

On Aug. 6 Mrs. Piper had herself written to me, from which letter I quote:

"I am writing to say the messages come, as you doubtless know, automatically, therefore it is, we think, difficult to know just how much reliance one ought to place on what comes in this particular way. Therefore we wish you to use your own judgment as to whether it would be worth your while to spend so much time and money just because of these statements. We should, however, be very glad to see you as you will know by my previous letter in which I invited you to spend the week end with us.

. . . . .

“Just got your letter and think you are wise in sticking to your post, sorry though I am in not seeing you before you depart.”

The last paragraph refers to my letter declining the invitation, which I had mailed before receiving the message of Aug. 5. In accordance with my policy of the past years, I would not of course think of disregarding the call or disobeying instructions, and therefore determined to be on hand contrary to my previous decision.

The sitting took place on Sunday morning, Aug. 8. I supposed that we were simply to look for the automatic writing, thinking that the words “as of old” related simply to the fact of my being called. Therefore I was indeed surprised, when we were making preparations for the sitting, to see Mrs. Piper arrange pillows on a table in front of her in the same manner as of old, and it was not until that moment that I understood that she and her daughter Alta expected or hoped for the trance. Suffice it to say that the psychic entered the trance state and came out of it in about the same way as of old, being about eleven minutes in coming out. I thought I perceived a very little more ease than formerly in going into the trance, though the difference was scarcely no-

ticeable. Mrs. Piper remarked, after she had returned to her normal condition, that the only difference she herself realized was that she seemed during the sitting to be conscious of a presence in the room. Rector took pains to explain that *they* were not *in quite* as formerly.

The opening remarks were as follows:

“ + H A I L. We come to greet thee once again. R. Hodgson also here.

“ Good morning friend of earth. We come to greet you as we promised long ago.

“ Mother says greetings dear child. I have longed to explain how I found life here. So happy, free and above all well. . . . I want you to know if I were back I should laugh no more at your credulity. It has all come so clearly to me. Everything is so different from what I had thought.”

Many spirits seemed to appear at this sitting and personal messages were sent which I was of course expected to deliver. A clear though brief communication came to me supposedly from William James, in the following words:

“ W. J. Good morning Miss Robbins. I understand absolutely and everything is splendidly understood by and between us. My love



and greetings if you do not object to accepting my love."

I replied:

"I am proud and pleased to get it."

The significance of this brief communication was at once apprehended by me, but it is not easy to make it clear to others. Some half a dozen years or more before, I had had a number of conversations with William James in regard to the publication of material pertaining to the Piper work, and he had taken pains to explain to me why one should use care in lending the prestige of a great name or a well earned reputation, as the following words, taken from a letter of his, dating as far back as 1908, will show:

"To write a preface is practically to co-operate; and one should only coöperate with what coalesces with one's own ends. If one lends one's name to side-ends, one fritters away whatever authority it may eventually come to wield in the direction of the more essential ends."

This was the second time that I had heard from him, briefly, the communication on the first occasion, in the very early occurrence of

the involuntary writing without trance, being simply a greeting and a—"remember the . . . incident?" If I recall correctly Dr. Hodgson was at the moment giving me a personal commission, and was impressing upon me the importance of secrecy in the case, and the brief query from W. J. was most *apropos* because the "incident" was one with which he must have been very familiar, but of which few people knew, and was a case in which lack of sufficient secrecy had caused some misunderstanding and unhappiness.

In the message quoted at the beginning of this chapter it was stated that great and good things were to come of the sitting soon to follow, and I was warned not to shirk any responsibilities placed upon me by the spirit personalities. It is perhaps needless to say that always in reporting such sittings, at which messages were likely to come and almost always did come for distant persons, I conscientiously considered it my duty to transcribe such messages as accurately as possible, and to deliver them as promptly as possible. These messages might be mere assurances of continued remembrance and affection, they might be statements the real significance of which I was wholly unable to interpret, and again they might involve consequences not only of vital

importance to the persons to whom they were sent but of great weight and far-reaching influence as evidence for the possibility of communication between the two worlds.

As illustration I might say that it was at this sitting that the famous so-called "Faunus Message" came for Sir Oliver Lodge, a classical allusion, namely: "Myers says you take the part of the poet and he will act as Faunus," later interpreted to mean that a blow was to come to Sir Oliver which would be softened by the spirit Myers; a message which has been much discussed by prominent persons interested in psychical research, and by Sir Oliver himself in Part II, beginning with Chapter II, of his book *Raymond*. The message in question reached Sir Oliver near the beginning of September, 1915. His young son Raymond was then in the Great War and on the 14th day of the same month was killed on the Western Front.

## IX

### A FEW TESTS. SINGING IN THE CHERRY TREE. THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

1916

On Jan. 1, 1916, a few words came through the involuntary script for me, reaching me by mail some days later. The message began thus:

“Now a few words to Miss R. We do not wish to seek her against her own will. We never thought of doing this but if she feels she does not care to seek us all well.”

This message disturbed me not a little. I had supposed that it was distinctly understood between myself and the Piper family that I was *not* to seek. I felt that I must have been misquoted or misrepresented, unintentionally of course, by one of the Piper daughters at the sitting when these words came. I therefore lost no time in securing an opportunity to talk



the matter over with Mrs. P. and letting her know that I positively should like to obtain some writing, and she suggested an appointment for the following Sunday afternoon, Jan. 16. Miss Alta Piper sat with me on this occasion.

At the opening of the sitting greetings came from Rector and also from *Mme. G.*, who, I should explain, was understood to be the "new control" appearing during the period of Mrs. Piper's last visit to England, when she was temporarily out of health and unable to go at will into the trance condition. I entered into conversation with Rector almost immediately in an effort to clear up an apparent misunderstanding. Among other things he said:

"We only wish not to weary or bind down any earthly mortal against his own inner conscience, that is all. We wish of all things harmony, understanding and peace; otherwise it would be a matter of impossibility to continue with our work. . . . But we are conscious of some responsibility on the part of the ones we employ as well as on ourselves. . . . We sent our last message out of our own interpretation of the conditions and if we can recall no voice was given but our own. . . . All is well and we feel will in future be understood and when

we call it also will be understood. . . . We are hardly prepared for consecutive work but will give mention to it when prepared. There is and will be a great field of work on the other side of water when men shall have lain aside their arms."

I asked: "But do you think I shall have a part of that work?"

"I speak so. Certainly, if you keep in spiritual accord with our previous statements and in them so have faith."

Responsibility for the message which had so disturbed me was, then, assumed wholly by the personalities, and I am in conscience bound to say that I feel that my spirit friends must have had some perception of my then existing mental state, thus furnishing another illustration of what theorists would call telepathy between incarnate and discarnate minds. For, while I have always made it a point to hold myself in readiness for anything which they might demand of me, I confess to occasional doubt as to their ability to carry out all the promises of the past in regard to further important work, to a slight shrinking from further responsibility in the matter, and to a consciousness of not having kept myself steadily to the

level of my ideals of faith and spirituality. While I believe that they can see the general trend of one's life, and oftentimes important events which are to transpire, I certainly have no idea that they can intervene to the extent of preventing deflection from the "straight and narrow path" on the part of any mortal who is not anxious to keep to that path. Note the words, "if you keep in spiritual accord with our previous statements and in them so have faith." The responsibility rests on our own heads for the exercise of our wills and the proper development of our lives. This I am sure is good orthodoxy, and need not be further dilated upon here. Notwithstanding all this, I believe that faith in and communion with those who live in what we call a higher sphere, and especially those who claim to exercise a guardianship over our lives, will surely bring to us the most helpful influence.

At this sitting Hodgson purported to communicate, and among other things said:

"We shall call whenever we can out of the blue. . . . I am seeing you all in France soon, all together. . . . I see you there as surely as my name is Hodgson. I see peace restored and militarism crushed to earth and many thousand leagues below it. Never has such a psychical

wave passed through all lands as will pass after peace has been proclaimed. Wait and you will see."

Considering the date of this prophecy (Jan. 16, 1916) so far as it concerns the end of the War and victory over militarism, it may now be thought to have been quite remarkable.

When Rector returned to have a final talk with me he said: "Now do not say you are not seeking."

On Feb. 25, 1916, a brief message came for me, presumably from Rector, from which I extract the following:

"I wish to send a word to Miss R. to say she is doing well by not allowing her pen to lie idle or rust in its holder."

I had previously been advised "not to let my pen lie idle."

"And the General wishes to thank her for the violets she gave him some Sabbaths ago."

Now I had given him no violets, in fact had had no flowers in my own room for some time, but quite an unusual thing had occurred in the house in which I lived, some Sabbaths previously. A very intimate and lifelong friend of the lady of the house had died in a hospital,



and the body had been brought to the house and left there over Sunday, Feb. 6. After it was removed I noticed a large bunch of violets in the room where it had lain, the door of which room was now standing open. It was two floors below my own room. A very strong odor of violets permeated the whole house, so much so that my sister and I remarked it and said that the flowers were kept altogether too long, that they must be decaying and ought to be thrown away. This case will add to the evidence, of which I believe there is a considerable amount already existing, that spirits can and often do perceive the presence of flowers in their old haunts or in the vicinity of their friends here, even though they do not always correctly see all the circumstances in connection therewith.

After the sitter who received this message had said that she would immediately forward it to me, the following words came:

“Good. Other things will come from time to time even if not forced and no one seems inclined to force anything on our side, but wait calmly for conditions to clear.”

On March 24, 1916, the following message came:

“ Tell Miss Robbins she is by no means alone neither is she forgotten. We see all she does, we hear her call, in one sense we understand a good deal more than any one can possibly realize.”

“ You can be no more alone than you were as a child in what Laura calls the Robbins nest.”

This last remark was said to come from my friend the General. The play on words is apparent, but the message is more pertinent than merely that. The old home in the country with its many inmates and much young life might well have been called a robin's nest and I have been told actually was so called on at least one occasion soon after I was born.

One Sunday early in April, 1916, right in the midst of other writing, suddenly came the following, without any announcement as to the person for whom it was intended, but easily recognizable as meant for me or for my sister, who was at the time living with me, and for whom messages sometimes came. It was later sent to me by mail:

“ Laura says if that is my sister Grace she will surely remember climbing into a tree in the front of our old house and when one of our

neighbors passed just as she was singing remarked, ' Oh ! that is the Robbins singing in the tree.' "

Grace was the youngest daughter in a large family and Laura, who had passed on nearly forty years before, was the oldest. Though there were fifteen years between them, they were very companionable. Both were good musicians. Grace was almost from babyhood a birdlike singer. It was as easy for her to sing as to breathe, in fact it would have been difficult to prevent her from singing had one been inclined to do so.

In front of the old home, close beside the public road, there were several large trees, two of them maples, their foliage in summer being very dense. I have a dim recollection of my sister Grace (now Mrs. Moore) having at one time climbed into one of these maples and singing, and of the singing having been heard and remarked upon by some one passing. Upon my questioning my sister as to her memory of any such incident she replied without any hesitancy that she remembered that she used often to climb into a cherry tree which also stood very close to the road but in a corner of the home lot a few yards to the right of the house. She knew no one could discover her there with-

out careful search, and she used to sing, and she recalled distinctly that one man passed by and remarked in these words, probably exact: "Oh, that is the Robbins singing up in the tree."

My recollection, very faint and almost worthless, is of her having climbed into the maple tree, and after my mentioning to her the maple tree she thought there might have been one occasion when she did sing from the maple tree, but of her singing in the cherry tree, and of the remark made by the neighbor, she is very sure. Her memory of certain incidents of her childhood is very clear.

Laura passed away in 1881. It was, therefore, about thirty-five years after her passing that she gave us this test, and the incident itself must have occurred somewhere about fifty years previous to the date of this message. Mrs. Piper could never have known of such an occurrence except by being told of it by myself or my sister, and I am sure she never was told. She manifested much surprise that such an account should have been given through her hand.

Some may wonder at the expression, "If that is my sister Grace." I do not wonder at it, nor do I attempt to explain it satisfactorily. Neither my sister nor I was present when the writing was going on. We lived several miles



from Mrs. Piper. I was in the habit of meeting her down town occasionally, as friends do meet, and once in a while, though quite rarely, my sister would join us. Grace may have been dimly perceived by Laura in the surroundings of the medium. But certainly if our spirit friends can see us at all clearly in our homes, Laura must have frequently seen my sister and me in the apartment we then occupied together.

In this connection I wish to go back a number of years and offer a communication containing a so-called test which came at a sitting of my own in April of 1905 and which has never been published, although record of it was at the time handed by me to the S. P. R.

This same sister Laura was purporting to communicate. Her communications have been, as I have stated before, rare and brief, though generally clear. She had just sent a simple message of love and assurance to my sister Grace, and then she said:

I want you to ask Grace if she remembers a party we once went to in which we changed dresses.

(Oh! — it was not a party, but it was, — well, it might be called a party; it was in the old home.)

Ask her if she remembers that as a test from

me, and I think no one living could know it except ourselves, and I don't believe you ever told, have you?

(Well, I may have told somebody, but I think I never told the Light.)

[I do not think now that I ever told anybody.]

Light? I don't know — I mean that that is a secret between ourselves. No one could have known it. But I want you to ask Grace that as a test, and as a proof of my lack of being annihilated, that I am not annihilated, and that I do remember earthly incidents and facts, and that I love her dearly, and that her interests are mine, and that I am exceedingly happy and clear. Now what have you to say?

(Laura, I have not had such a message for years.)

The dress incident was this. Their birthdays coming on the same day of the month, fifteen years apart, they used to call themselves twins. When Grace was ten years old Laura dressed her, early in the morning, in one of her own, Laura's, long dresses, then put on herself one of Grace's short dresses, which could hardly have reached much below her waist. They then went down stairs where my mother was, Laura in the short dress preceding

and saying in a whining voice, "Now, mother, can't she stop?" in imitation of what Grace was in the habit of saying when Laura teased her. They had a great deal of fun over the affair, and the dress incident made a lasting impression on the child's mind. Grace tells me that they *called* it a birthday party. It took place about thirty-five years previous to the date of my sitting, and the communication came twenty-four years after Laura had passed to the Other Side. I should not have recalled the incident so readily as I did at the sitting, had not Grace spoken of it to me during the winter just then passed. In fact, I do not think I should have remembered it at all.

This same sister, Grace, seems to attract her spirit friends, for messages come to her when she least expects them, most of them clear and significant if not evidential. In June, 1916, the following came:

"Alanson says better and better as time goes on. Mating of minds is essential with soul matedness. Understand, to Grace. He seems very anxious that the message should be understood."

These words of course are of no importance whatever to any one but the particular person

for whom they were intended, and considering their intimate character we could not very properly ask that person to analyze them for us and state to just what degree they are significant or pertinent. I cannot, however, let the incident pass without notice because of the importance of so uncommon a name as *Alanson* coming through so clearly. It so happened that my sister's husband (who died in 1904) had three Christian names, Alanson being the first. His third name was Pickett, that being his mother's maiden name and the one by which he was almost invariably called, at least by every one except his wife, and by her most of the time when speaking of him to others. She tells me that she did occasionally call him Alanson when others were not present.

Considering the nature of the message, and Rector's words: "He seems very anxious that the message should be understood," the particular name chosen for recognition is significant.

Neither Mrs. Piper nor her daughters knew to whom the name belonged, nor were they really certain to whom the message should be sent. The words came, however, in close connection with other matter intended for me, hence were included in the portion of the original script sent to me. When speaking of



my sister to Mrs. Piper, I usually spoke of her as Mrs. Moore.

On this same occasion the boy Harold, previously mentioned, sent brief clear messages to both his father and his mother, separately, the first being as follows:

“Harold sends love to dad and says he hopes he will some day see the light. Richard will if he does not.”

His father, my brother, has been known as a skeptic practically all his life, having paid no attention whatever, so far as I know, to the subjects of Spiritualism and Psysical Research until about a year ago. During the past year he has read more or less on these subjects, and has had some correspondence with me regarding them. Richard is his youngest boy, seven years old, born fifteen years after the next youngest son was born. He was an uncommonly bright baby, and is of a very lovable disposition. He must be, I think, one of the “new race” which many people think is being generated in America at the present time. At least I am sure that no one who knows him could doubt that he will, if he lives to grow up, “see the light,” whatever that expression may mean in his day. The father and this boy have

been companions almost from the birth of the baby. They talk and reason together. The father's affections are bound up in the life of the boy. Again is the message pertinent, and must mean much more to the recipient than in an ordinary case the mere words would imply.

Included in the script which I have said was written some time in June, 1916, Rector, addressing his words to me, said:

"Hodgson and we all agree that patience is the only method to pursue until the mortal world is out of troubled waters."

This I take to mean, as has been intimated before, that much in the way of communication cannot be given until the World War is over.

And Hodgson himself said:

"Miss Robbins, how are you? I see you pegging away at a book. Good enough, so keep on. . . . Now do not give up the ship. If you do you are lost."

If any apology is due from me for publishing the portrait of my sister, I will say that I feel that it may lend zest to my text for those students who may read it critically, since her whole

case presents a phase of the subject quite different from that of the eager seeker who must have personal contact with the psychic in order to obtain any degree of satisfaction. She never called herself a psychic in the sense in which that word is commonly used, but the facts seem to indicate that she has often been in spiritual touch with those in the Unseen. She has allowed the publication only upon my urgent request.

## X

### SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND

1917

During the summer season of 1916 I did not see Mrs. Piper at all, and not again until quite late in the fall after her return from the country, nor did I receive any messages through the automatic writing. Upon my remarking to her one day that I thought "they" must have forgotten my existence altogether, she replied that she thought there had been an occasional reference to me during the summer, but that her daughters had not had time to go over all the script. I told her that I much preferred to know that such was the case than to feel that I was being altogether overlooked by the personalities on the Other Side.

It is generally understood, I think, by interested persons, that going over automatic script, making copy, inserting remarks of sitter, adding explanatory notes, in fact editing the script, involves a vast amount of time and labor, and that it must be carefully done if investigation along these lines is to be of any





Mrs. MOORE  
RECIPIENT OF MANY ASSURANCES



value to the world. I believe, however, that Mrs. Piper and her daughters, although during these latter years much engaged with other matters, both daughters being professional musicians, have been very conscientious in delivering personal messages which have come for some of the sitters of the early days. I happen to know that many such messages have been privately delivered, and whether or not they ever find their way to the files of the Society for Psychical Research, they must have been the means of scattering much good seed which will eventually bear fruit in the changing of public sentiment toward the relation between the seen and the unseen worlds, not to mention the comfort which has been brought by them to the various individual recipients.

A few days after my last conversation with Mrs. P., namely, on 22 November, 1916, I received by mail the following message, which was without date when it reached me, though I was told that it was recent:

“To Miss R. say we by no means forget her but realize fully all conditions and changes coming to her.”

This appears to be in response to my thought as expressed above, and possibly the outcome

of my conversation with the psychic. Three days later another brief reassuring communication was handed me, to which the Hodgson signature was attached.

The critical reader may say that, given the fact of involuntary writing, there is nothing strange in my receiving communications through the Piper script, and that, from my long acquaintance with the psychic and my close association with her in some of those years, the natural inference would be that I *would* receive them, and that their evidential or other value is vitiated by that association. This might be admitted were it true that I could ever command or even induce the writing, but I wish to again make it explicit that I cannot. It is true that I did not often go to her residence, where most of the writing occurred, our meeting during this period being mostly outside of home, for entertainment or recreation. I have, however, been at her home on more than one occasion seemingly favorable for communications, when mentally I have tried to induce the writing, or at least have had a strong wish that it might occur, and have tried to hold my mind in a mood sufficiently receptive for it, and on such occasions not the slightest inclination on the part of Mrs. P. to handle the pencil has been felt, so far as I could observe. I was



beginning to feel that there must be something decidedly wrong somewhere: for if ever there was opportunity, and if ever personal association had anything to do with it, now was the time for something more of value to be brought to me through this particular psychic, provided, of course, that she was able to produce any writing whatever, and as to just how much she could do I was not at all certain. I have since come to the conclusion that what I would call opportunity, what would seem to be that from my limited point of view, might have no proper relation at all to the designs of a group of minds on the Other Side, engaged either as a group or as individuals in a scheme of work far greater than I was able to perceive, and whose range of vision must very greatly exceed my own.

I am now taken into the beginning of the year 1917. I do not intend to weary the reader with too much elaboration of the question whether one should or should not seek. I am, however, desirous of showing that during a few years it was a most puzzling question for me, and that the answer seems to involve states of health and states of mind of persons in the body quite as much as the desires of those out of the body to reach their friends on earth. I have thought best to give disconnected sentences

only, not the whole of a communication coming on any one date.

On the evening of Jan. 5, 1917, the following was written, and it must be noted that the remarks are sometimes in the second person, sometimes in the third:

“ And for Miss R. . . . our reason for not calling her is because we see that there is some material difficulty connected with her that makes it difficult for her to attend much to our calling. . . . Not for one moment do we forget you and were there not difficulties both on your side and on the Light's also we should call for you often but this ought not to be so. The way ought to be provided for, an easier way to meet us and receive what comes or would come were we free to call those who are deserving and who would seek us in the right way. . . . We realize more and more the difficulties surrounding us and that we must be guarded in calling for mortals to greet us. Our friend Hodgson has made this clearer to us than any spirit ever did before. . . . Unless some word comes back to us we abide our time and God's own time.”

This evidently called for some reply on my

part, and suggested that possibly the policy I had adopted of waiting to be called was wrong. I then prepared a note for presentation at the earliest opportunity, which occurred on January 16, Miss Alta Piper being the sitter and reading my note to Rector. I explained that my daily occupation was not as pressing as formerly, and I even suggested a tentative plan, namely, that I would be in the surroundings of the Light on a certain evening and if nothing came I would be there on the same evening of the following week. The reading of this note by Miss Alta was frequently interrupted by Rector with such remarks as the following:

“There has been much perplexity about Miss R. of late. We could not quite grasp her attitude.

“For many years you sought this Light and were never turned away but were always cared for, considered and advised.

“That sounds spontaneous and sincere. We could meet her on next day after this for a short meeting.

“We do not intend to urge any one to seek us but we should be glad to have some definite recognition to our earnest endeavors to give help, light and peace.”

Naturally I did not fail to be present on the following evening, when I had a brief sitting, Miss Alta being present also most of the time. It is already understood, I think, that it is practically impossible to publish record of sittings as a whole. Furthermore, as sufficient examples of the continuous and consecutive conversation between sitter and communicator have already been given, I have thought best to reproduce only such remarks as in my best judgment pertain to the points I wish to make clear, or which are strongly characteristic of the communicator, or are otherwise of special interest. Whenever deemed necessary, omissions are indicated, but simple repetitions, arrangements, and expressions of assent, are often omitted.

EXTRACTS FROM SITTING OF JANUARY 17,  
1917, RECTOR CONTROLLING

There seems to be some misunderstanding with regard to our attitude or your own for which there seems no adequate reason. . . . Come when the spirit moves and you are welcome ever. We abide God's time and when He wills we return. We are glad to greet you friend. Hodgson especially says he cares little for lights in general but he knows a light when he sees one. Be on the lookout ever. Speak.



(I think I do understand now fully, but there were certainly reasons some time ago why I —)

Physical and otherwise material conditions, but that is all passing away and light is clearing.

(You know I used to be called for my most important work, although if I had never sought in the first place I never should have found, and I am willing to seek now.)

I understand, but the time comes when man must seek to find, and yet there are times when it is wiser not to seek.

[I ask some questions about a possible future publication.]

There should always be something of the individuality of the writer. Tests we do not advise so much now. They seem to be things of the past. . . . Hodgson is here now.

### *Hodgson*

Do you for one moment believe that my individuality is lost or even dimmed? Not for one instant. There are so many revelations to be given it seems well worth while to listen. Listen, Miss Robbins. Do you think father, mother, sister, lover, friends, can any one for one moment forget?

(No, indeed, I do not.)

[There was a little difficulty in reading the

following sentence, but I am quite sure that it was intended to be:]

Awaken to the call of many voices and respond to them. There is to be a tremendous psychical wave pass over your world as soon as that terrible conflict is over.

(Yes, but I hope we shall not have to wait until the War is all over.)

Many souls have come to our side unbidden which have kept us very busy.

(Yes, I understand.)

Ah, perhaps you do not U. D. We mean through different channels, not this one alone.

[It will be remembered that U. D. is their abbreviation for the word "understand." I reproduce it occasionally.]

The whole world will then better U. D. what life and so-called death really mean.

[Several messages were entrusted to me for delivery to other persons, and the usual fare-well remarks were made.]

At this sitting, during a portion of the hour, Mrs. Piper seemed almost entranced, dropping her head on the pillows with face turned away from the writing pad, while at the sitting a week later, account of which is to follow, she did not appear to go into so deep an unconsciousness, had no pillows about her, and did

not drop her head or turn her face away, although she makes no attempt to read the writing as it comes, and in fact cannot read anything without eye-glasses, which she does not wear during a sitting. The writing on this occasion was more than usually fluent and unhindered.

Frequent repetition of simple messages of remembrance or affection would be only monotonous for the reader, and hence must be avoided, although one of my objects in publishing any communications is to show the never failing memory and the remarkable fidelity of a "spirit" who has once promised to remember and to help.

.EXTRACTS FROM SITTING OF JANUARY 24,  
1917, RECTOR CONTROLLING

+ HAIL. I am Rector. Hail friend. We have a few words to say to you to-day but it will not be necessary for you to return again under these conditions. We should like to U. D. exactly conditions for this and what if anything is in your own thoughts about the near future. Rector. I. S. D. Speak.

[The letters "I.S.D." stood for "Imperator Servus Dei" in the early days, and the cross was his sign.]

[Before I could speak or Rector could pro-

ceed further the General burst in for recognition, in his usual good-natured manner, making reference to a test relating to flowers in my house, which test appears in the record of Feb. 25, 1916, page 198. He assures me that he knows violets when he sees them near me, even though they are not in my special room. He does not use the word "test," but I recognize his language as referring to the test I have mentioned. Then large capital letters appear at the top of a page announcing:]

*Hodgson*

R. H. I am here hale as ever. Given those messages yet?

[Quite a long conversation ensues relative to my delivery of messages previously received, and replies to same, as the controls generally wish to make sure from time to time that their commissions are executed, toward the close of which the following came:]

Margaret B. sends love, etc. . . . She is absolutely splendid and a great friend of William's and mine. [Presumably William James] So active, so patient, so kind and U. D.'g. Great helper here. Wonderful personality altogether. She sees you as clearly as though she were in the body, and laughs right heartily to see you again so clearly in the mirror.



[A brief message is then sent by Margaret to E. A. F., and my mother put in a word. But I wish to make sure, before R. H. leaves, who Margaret is, and in response to my question, or really before I can complete it, the name "Bancroft" is written very clearly.

For an account of M. B. and E. A. F. see chapter VI. It need no longer be kept a secret that the initials M. B. stand for Margaret Bancroft. Hodgson's characterization of her is very fine. She was considered by her friends quite a wonderful personality. She was much interested in mentally defective children, had quite a number of them under her care, taking them all into a beautiful country place in summer, where Dr. Hodgson used occasionally to visit her. E. A. F. succeeded her in this charge. She and William James were personally acquainted in life. There is an interesting account of Hodgson's relation with Miss Bancroft in his alleged communications in Pr. S. P. R. XXIII, at the beginning of the sitting of Jan. 16, 1906.]

Hiram.

[Written very large, and the capital *H* decidedly in the old style.]

(Yes, Hiram, and that is your capital H, I know.)

Good. I thought I would add something

you could recognize well. H H is Hiram's.

(I always did recognize it, that particular letter.)

["Hiram" has been spelled variously at various times, partly I think in fun. The "letter H" incident goes back many years and is deserving of attention inasmuch as this communicator was actually the first one to use a pencil in Mrs. Piper's hand, as admitted by Dr. Hodgson, the very earliest attempt being on July 2, 1888. See Pr. S. P. R. XXXIII, p. 339.]

Good, now speak.

[I ask some question about the future, assuming I am still addressing Hiram, and then I say:]

(Is this Hiram talking?)

No, Rector. He just popped in and out again.

[Another illustration of a spirit friend determined to get in a word while the light is burning. In answer to my question as to whether I shall return for another sitting, the reply is:]

Not at present. We were desirous of clearing up the situation. Our work is only just beginning. . . . You seemed to be perplexed

about us and we could not quite U. D. what you were thinking about if you had faith.

[There is more talk on this line, needless to repeat, but in the course of which Rector uses the expression, "Seek and ye shall find." Referring to my business surroundings, I say:]

(Do you see me there much longer?)

*Not so.* After the conflict is over you will be called *elsewhere*.

(You mean the War?)

Yes, wars. There will be others follow —

(Follow where?) [Not immediately catching the meaning] — these, cannot help it.

[I call attention to the fact that the date of this sitting was about a week previous to the severing of diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany.]

Just look at Grace if you have lost faith, and see what is what. Do not forget that we are activities directed by *God*. Cannot our power be felt? Ask Grace, she will U. D. She is remarkable in understanding.

(Yes, I will. I often feel that I can learn from her.)

She is almost in touch with us and yet she does not really know it. And we constantly give out to her. She and Pickett will both understand, he on this side and she on that.

I. S. D. is looking after her. She sat with a light not long ago and he saw her but could not actually speak.

(You mean I. S. D. saw her?)

Yes.

(Is that the Light she went to for medical advice?)

Yes.

[My sister had, during the late winter and spring of 1916-17, had several sittings with the well known medical medium, Mrs. Butler of Boston. Mrs. Piper, I think, knew the fact. Pickett is the spirit elsewhere spoken of as Alanson, he having the two uncommon names.]

(Do you think that Light helped her?)

Yes, we know she did. Do not be too sure and wise ever. God is wiser. He knows when and how to give help, and through what source. Better listen to God and see how He helps *her*. He knows the way, and while you understand she receives.

(I understand intellectually, or try to, and she receives spiritually?)

Yes. You are wise enough but just stop and receive.

(I will try.)

[I make inquiry as to whether or not I shall probably make further publication of my notes.]



Yes, and if you do not listen we shall be after you. We shall not let the pen lie idle. We are determined to make you what you ought to be. Don't think it too late. Nothing can be too late. . . . But there is no time to be lost in troubling about time going. Let that take care of itself and keep jotting down and it will soon get into form. Machine out of order.

[This sounds like Hodgson rather than Rector. We stopped a moment, wondering whether "machine" in this case meant Mrs. Piper.]

No, you had some difficulty at office, the General said.

(Oh, do you mean *I* was out of order for a time?)

Yes, quite, and all upset.

[It is quite true that there was, in the recent past, a period during which I was quite far from my normal *empire sur moi*, though never so far from it that I could not continue very regularly my daily occupation.]

[In connection with the talk about my sister, who was at the time living with me, I ought to explain that on the evening previous to date of sitting I had mentioned to her that I expected to go to Mrs. Piper's on the following evening. I did not see her on the day of the sitting, and

not until I returned home late that night. She then told me that on that very morning she had made an appeal that some word be sent to her; in substance she said that she appealed to Pickett, her husband, first, and mentally said to him emphatically that she wanted either *him* or *some one* to give her *something* in the shape of a message. Her mental appeal, it will be noted, met with full response.]

[Toward the close of the sitting I said:]

(All this last talk that I have had was really from Rector, was it not?)

Yes, and Madame [written Me.] G. came in to give light, spiritual light. She is wonderful and we owe much to her. She has helped us bridge the chasm.

(Is she on your side like a medium on this side?)

Yes, only a Saint in reality, a real Saint. Her help is beyond comprehension.

[Farewell messages and signatures follow.]

“Seek and ye shall find.” Shall we? While I was hoping that some definite arrangement might once more be made for further sittings, I am again told that I must await the pleasure of the controls. They speak of difficulties both on my side and on that of the Light, their perplexity in regard to my attitude, time

a necessity, waiting till the War is over, lack of faith, machine out of order, etc., etc. Their words suggest the probability that many more things than have heretofore been taken into consideration enter into the question of communication between those who have passed beyond our ken and ourselves. In the case of Mrs. Piper it has wisely, in fact I may say of necessity, been left to the controls themselves to say whom they would be willing to meet and when.

But, whatever our minor disappointments may be, surely no one can doubt that, if we take the words in the sense in which He who spoke them meant them, the promise that if we seek we shall find must remain eternally true.

## XI

### THE THREE PSYCHIC STATES

1917

It seems that I was not to wait long for another call, for Rector sent me word that he would meet me for a few minutes again, and on Feb. 14 I was present, with Miss Alta Piper. Instead of being for a few minutes only, the sitting was long, Mrs. Piper writing with apparent ease and vigor for about two hours. A large portion of the time was taken up with explanations to me of certain states or conditions of the Light which the personalities were to produce or experiment with in the future, subject to change if necessary. As verbatim report of this portion of the sitting was soon sent to Sir Oliver Lodge in England, who represents the Society, I will not offer it in detail here, except to say that it was made clear to me, with emphasis, that in the future there would be three distinct states or conditions of the Light:



First, the ordinary state in which the involuntary writing had of late been produced, needing no further explanation.

Second, a state similar to trance, yet not really a trance condition. This was to be illustrated at the next meeting. A definite term was applied to this condition, but as it was to be a code word between Dr. Hodgson and myself, I will not mention it here.

Third, the impressionable state, which would be illustrated at the third meeting.

It was stated that messages would be given as clearly and concisely as were ever given in days that had passed.

In regard to the second state, it was said that this would enable all communicators to see that no harm befalls the Light as an instrument for their operation. "The hearing and all methods of receiving questions and giving replies will be just as clear and accurate as though we entranced the Light, and all messages transmitted will be as definite and reliable as ever, and we consider more so." It was said that the deeper trance state would not be necessary.

Hodgson impressed it upon me that I was not to mention the term applied to the second state in the presence of any other light, but that if it was mentioned by any other light to me I might know that he was present. He

also stated that he and Myers had been discussing the subject a good deal of late.

The latter portion of the hour for the sitting was taken up mostly with personal talk to myself, messages to friends of mine being given, brief mention of which will be all that is necessary at this time.

As I have before stated, my sister Mrs. Moore, although not present at the sittings, never having attended but one in her life, and that in the old days when Mrs. Piper used to go into the deep trance, seems to be particularly well favored with specially clear messages, and I am therefore recording perhaps more about her than about any other one friend. She had two husbands, both of them now long on the Other Side. The first one was much older than she, a very beautiful character, a pillar in the orthodox Congregational church, but in all probability knowing little or nothing about modern spiritualism or Psychical Research. Although there have been occasional references to him or words from him in the past, he has not been a frequent communicator, and not an especially clear one, until on this occasion he announced himself very clearly indeed, Mrs. Piper spelling the name, in capital letters, slowly but carefully, S T A N L E Y. He re-

ferred to the very happy life he and my sister had had together, and made the clear distinction between himself and the younger man, mentioning the latter by one of his odd names. There was no doubt in my mind that he was present, if any old friend ever is present.

The "boy Harold" who shot himself with an old rickety gun, came in very brightly for a moment, hastening to say that it was an accident pure and simple, and trying to make me recall one or two incidents connected with the old home. He sent love to his father, mother and young brother, and seemed so earnest when he said: "I want you to remember me always; don't forget me even though you do not see me."

Oh these boys and these young men who are called suddenly to the Other Side! How bright and strong and happy they are, and how eager to penetrate the veil!

A most interesting incident occurred on this occasion, after the sitting was to all appearances over. Mrs. Piper was still sitting at the writing table, Miss Alta and I were gathering up the sheets of paper, talking casually. I think fully ten minutes had elapsed when Mrs. Piper suddenly seized the pencil again and wrote, vigorously:

Who said Phinuit was bad he was not I have found him and will explain it all later. R. H.

The dear old Phinuit control of early Piper days, who made so many friends, yet whose character was so much of a puzzle, and whose former life on this earth is still so much of a mystery. Had Hodgson really found him, and had he been searching for him from 1905 to 1917? Or was the finding accidental?

In the latter part of the following April came still another brief reassuring communication, several of my friends being mentioned, and the promise made that I. S. D. would call to clear up difficulties. "God is in the conflict and will clear His own," was written. Presumably the conflict means the Great War. Nothing more was received by me, however, for a long, long time, and no special reference has been made to the distinction between the three psychic states. What may have been said to others I have no means of knowing.



## XII

### REPEATED ASSURANCES

1918, 1919

On January 6, 1918, the following was received, typewritten copy being handed to me some ten days later:

“To Miss Robbins. Why say you are forgotten? Not so, my friend, you are remembered by all. There is an elderly lady who sends her love and rejoices at her awakening in this life; her name begins with ‘S’ but this is as far as she speaks, but will become more familiar later when we shall be very glad to assist her in delivering her messages. Meanwhile, Hiram, Mother, Laura, Alanson and the General, all send love. Good-by for the present. Your old friend, Hodgson.”

I was quite delighted to hear from the lady S. Although absolutely nothing was given in the way of identification, my thought immediately settled upon an old and very dear friend

by name Mrs. Spencer, whom years ago I named as one of my Boston mothers, and who passed away in 1914. She lived to be ninety-two years old, a woman who had "grown old gracefully." She was not specially interested in modern spiritualism, but she had a philosophical mind and a firm faith in a future, without curiosity as to what kind of a life it was to be. She and I had had many a conversation on life's problems. I was not in the least expecting that she would return, though I felt that she cared enough for me, and was brave enough and faithful enough to at least make an effort to confirm my faith in the possibility of communication. Her coming adds one more to the long list of persons near to me in life who have from time to time during the course of the years apparently endeavored to reach me from the Other Side of the Veil.

In March a brief and reassuring message came from the General, and in the latter part of 1918 and the early months of 1919 came at intervals from the controls remarks from which I select the following:

"We, understanding the conditions better than at other times, are no longer calling for any one to come to the Light. We do not wish to compromise either ourselves or the Light,

and we find the material condition of mind of a larger number of mortals such that to bring them here would be as unwise as it would be unfair. This applies to no one in particular, but thinking we should like, for various reasons, to make this clear to Miss R., we desire to send it with our love and greetings.

“ Could Miss R. understand she would realize that while she is by no means forgotten, we urge nothing, and all mortals must ask; otherwise time may not be given even to those who are under our care.”

All of which indicates still more confusion in the matter of whether to seek or not seek, which I cannot satisfactorily explain, although several factors of the situation may throw some light. I think there were some strangers who were anxious for sittings, and discrimination had to be used as to who should be allowed. Mrs. Piper's power of involuntary writing without trance was apparently growing stronger. The time of the two daughters, as well as her own, was much taken up with other matters, and it was difficult for them to keep necessary records. As for myself, I certainly did not feel the strong need or the eagerness for getting into communication with those on the Other Side which I experienced in my younger days; not,

however, because of doubt, which occasionally I suppose assails even the strongest minds, but rather because my faith in the continuance of my own personal life after death, and in the reunion with those whom I love, had become, as it were, a settled thing; and perhaps because I realize more and more fully as life progresses that, when the outward life of the present hour conforms or somewhere nearly conforms to our highest inward perception, satisfaction, peace, and even a measure of joy result. We can then *trust* for the future.

Early in this year, 1919, also came for my sister the following, which did not even pass through my hands as messenger, but was delivered to her in person by those in charge:

“Mother, Laura, father and two gentlemen send loving greetings and words of encouragement that she may continue to grow spiritually, going on and on in the mortal life, reaching out to attain the highest. Our love never wanes for a moment and some day such a greeting, such a joyous welcome awaits her no tongue can express and no pen portray. Love always.

Alanson

Rector

I. S. D.”



I must still repeat that, for a person who has rarely sought any medium, to receive from out of the blue such an assurance, accompanied by three signatures which have the greatest significance for her, is unusual, to say the least, and offers much food for thought on the interesting question: Do our friends remember or do they forget?

### XIII

## MY BROTHER JOHN

1920

Early in the spring of 1920 I felt very strongly impressed that I must if possible once more get into personal touch with my invisible friends through the gateway which had marvelously opened for me so many times in the past, and through which I had caught so many glimpses of the Beyond. Also the time seemed to me ripe to make some use of the notes which I had conscientiously kept for a decade, if ever they were to be of any help to others. I therefore made urgent request for a sitting, and an appointment was made for the evening of April 15, Rector having been consulted. As to the matter of time, the controls, although seeming to prefer what they call the morning of our day, have in my case always been mindful of the fact that I have duties which take my time during the day, and have been willing to arrange for an hour suited to my convenience.

The sitting lasted about an hour and three-

quarters. Mrs. Piper, though supposedly in her normal condition, seemed to me slightly dazed and under control, even for some time before the writing began, and throughout the entire hour scarcely uttered a word, at one point simply asking me to call her daughter. The daughter was not present at the opening of the sitting, but came in once, remaining a few moments, and again at the close.

I saw at once that the writing was coming easily, and therefore, in order to get as much as possible of it unbroken, I refrained from much speaking myself, or from making reply until it seemed positively necessary. The sensitive hand that was doing the writing often held itself to my face, as if inquiring whether I understood, or listening to what I had to say. If I nodded assent without speaking, the writing proceeded.

As I have stated elsewhere, the abbreviations "U. D." and "U. D'g" seem to be a great convenience to the controlling spirit, and are frequently used. Many times they occur at the close of a sentence, as if simply to inquire of the sitter as to whether the sentence is understood. I have thought best in what follows to use the word itself in most instances, or to omit the expression altogether when not needed, also to insert punctuation, in order to

make the meaning clear to the reader not familiar with these technicalities.

After the usual opening greetings from the controls, and before I had uttered a word myself, there came communications purporting to be from my brother, words which, considering they are from a spirit newly passed to the Other Side, and are, moreover, somewhat emphatic in their nature, not to speak of their being characteristic, I am tempted to give connectedly, allowing explanations and corroborations to follow the record.

I will therefore simply say that my brother met with an automobile accident on October 3, 1919, did not regain consciousness, and died on October 5. Harold will be recognized as his oldest son, long on the Other Side. Richard was the youngest son, eleven years old at the death of his father, whose special charge he was during the larger portion of those years. Both are referred to earlier in this volume. My father and mother, as has already appeared, are both on the Other Side.

EXTRACTS FROM SITTING OF APRIL 15, 1920  
RECTOR CONTROLLING

+ + HAIL. I am Rector. Hail, friend of earth. Greetings again. Where hast thou been, friend? Do not allow any



earthly sentiments, feelings, thoughts or conditions to prevent communication when your own spirit calls. No material condition should be permitted to interfere. Our love, our ever abiding faith in our Heavenly Father is such that nothing can disturb when we call. Friend, your spirit heard and you responded. We greet you with peace and joy. HAIL once more.

Me. G. ✠ [her special sign]  
Rector

✠ ✠ I. S. D.

Here is a new spirit, Harold's father. Well! well! Of all things imaginable I never dreamed that you were right. I thought a little place had become vacant in your brain. But I admit that I was the weak one, and you the reverse. Hello! How goes your spirits now? I said one day, you don't know anything except about spirits, and that doesn't amount to anything. I am sorry enough that I did not better understand.

Hold up your head. Rector. I am speaking to him. I can't catch your words.

[A clear example of a spirit, new to the process of communication, trying to talk through Rector, Rector telling him how to hold his head, then explaining to sitter that he was

addressing spirit, and all getting recorded.]

I know I was silly, but never mind. I am with my boy and so much happier and better off than ever before. God bless you, Anne. John. Speak to me a moment just to let me know that all is now understood. J.

(John, I am perfectly delighted to hear from you, and do you know, I thought you would come, but I was not thinking of you at this moment.)

Rector said, come along and free your mind, I'll help you. So here I am with our dear mother, Harold and Laura, father too.

(A real family gathering?)

You bet. Where is Grace? Tell her I understand her better also, and I don't blame her for blaming me. She was right in fighting for her rights, good old girl. I feel it all so keenly now. What an old fool I was to stick to a shingle when I ought to have done differently! She did just right, and I do not hesitate to say so. Please tell her and make me happy. I was so self-willed, I see it all now.

(I certainly will tell her. She will be very much pleased to get your message. John, do you remember where you were when you told me that I did not know much of anything except about spirits?)

City Boston Hartford [the word "Hart-

ford" superimposed on the word "Boston" as if in correction] I *recall* home at home we were [finger pointing to mean "we were at home"] Hill home *Home* Hill he is trying to say some kind of Hill but I do not quite understand. R.

(Never mind, Rector —)

Better help him here to avoid confusion.

(Do you mean Rocky Hill?)

[Excitement]

Rector Hill Rector Hill It sounded so much like my own name I could not understand. R.

I thought we were there.

(Yes, we were at home. Do you remember where we were sitting?)

Under tree near granite *wall*. *Yard* in *yard* *steps* *door* steps door steps sitting on them.

(That is right, on the old front steps.)

Yes, stone wall in front trees near *road*.

(That is splendid and that will do. What else have you to say?)

Big heaps of things but cannot say all at *once*, only I do admit my mistakes now. How poor old Grace did feel, and I am sorry I was so stubborn. Tell her mother said I ought to be *spanked* for my *conduct*. Father said, John, you were a handful and a half when a boy; did not improve with age, father says.

Never mind, how is R.? He is a chip of his

*dad.* I am afraid he is. But he will come out all right and make a fine chap if I have anything to do with it *now*.

Better tell him some little thing or say something to help him at the moment. R.

(John, little R. is all right. He is in a good school in Hartford, and says he is happy. I think he is being well cared for and trained.)

I know he is. Thank you for that, and accept my love and pass it on to Grace. I never could say much about love, but I found it here.

(I am glad to hear that, for I think you craved it here.)

*Indeed*, yes, you understand. I see you understand all better than I did or thought *you* did. I must go soon. Meanwhile I am not to be forgotten, don't forget that. J.

[The word "understand" in the lines just preceding might of course have been meant for "understood." No way of distinguishing.]

(John, just one thing more. What is the name of your little boy?)

R [written slowly and very large, then the rest of the word scrawled quickly] Richard.

[Then large circles, as if satisfied and pleased]



(All right, all right.)

*Dick*, the boys call him. I hear them.

(Yes, I think they do.)

Adieu. You were right and now I admit  
*it all.*

(Adieu.)

My brother John was a stubborn, self-willed, argumentative, incorrigible skeptic. I do not hesitate to attribute these characteristics to him, since he has now, in my belief, freely admitted them himself, and since I can as freely and truthfully say that he also possessed offsetting good traits, as I believe most skeptics do. He was generous, free, exceedingly fond of children, and prided himself on keeping his word. We were two of a triplet. Whether the blood bond between twins and triplets is stronger than that among other brothers and sisters, I do not know. I have always thought not, but that the strength of the bond depends more upon association than upon birth blood. However that may be, I am conscious that deep down in my nature there has always been a strong affection for my brother, which has persisted independent of any conduct or words on his part of which I might have disapproved,

and independent of association: for our lives since childhood have run in entirely different channels, and we have met only occasionally. I have always felt that in case of need on my part, an appeal to him would of a surety meet with response, and the assistance would be given if it were in his power to give it, even though the need were associated with a subject with which he really had no sympathy. He has given me direct proof of this. I knew that he believed in *me* if not in what I *believed*.

As for spiritualism, he might have thought, as he says, that a little place in my brain had become vacant, but if he thought so he did not say so.

In corroboration of the bit of evidence coming so voluntarily, I will say that a long time ago, probably ten years, he and I were one day sitting on the front steps of the old homestead in Rocky Hill, Conn., a few miles below the city of Hartford. This was a favorite resting place, and commanded a view of fertile fields and pasture lands and of the western sky. He propounded to me some question on a subject with which I could not have been expected to be familiar. As I remember, he wanted to see how near I could come to a correct estimate of the value of certain lands and property which lay in front of us. I made a guess at the an-

swer, which proved to be very wide of the mark. He laughed and said, in these exact words as nearly as I can remember them, and I am sure that my memory in this case is quite accurate, —“ You don’t know much about anything, do you, except spiritualism, and that don’t amount to anything.” The instant Rector began to write this test sentence, the incident came clearly to my mind.

In regard to the locality, it was very plain to me that he knew the locality, and that he was trying to make it clear to Rector. Whether he recalled it piece by piece, as the broken words indicate, or whether he saw it clearly and it was a matter of getting it through to Rector and of Rector’s getting it through to me, I cannot of course say.

Back of where we sat was the high brick wall of the house. The yard was not large, but there were large trees in it, overshadowing the steps. Just the other side of these trees there was originally an old fashioned stone wall. Just what date that was removed, I do not remember. Beyond that was a driveway, parallel with the wall, then another row of large trees, then the main highway.

My brother’s references to my living sister Grace are most pertinent, and he may well have wanted to ask her pardon for misdoings in the

past. I do not know to just what he refers, and it is immaterial, but I know that at one time they disagreed as to the disposal of some old family relics, and my brother was determined to have his way. He may have recalled some small article which he wanted to possess, when he speaks of "sticking to a shingle."

In regard to the little boy Richard, by reference to page 207 it will be seen what a close and rather unusual bond there was between the two. But the boy, as he grew older, I think must have been developing some of his father's independence of spirit, and certainly could not be blamed for it: for his father was his daily example. At any rate, the father in the spirit world now thinks the little one a "chip of his dad." Perhaps in the Great Wisdom it was better that this association should have been broken just when it was: for the child, soon after his father's death, was placed by his mother in a good school where the necessary discipline was to be had. I still think, however, that the boy is one of the sixth race, if there be such a sixth race forming, and that time will prove this belief to have been true.

Mrs. Piper never saw my brother, and knew nothing of his character. There was no occasion for her knowing about it, and no reason why she should have been told.



I trust I may be pardoned for giving this corroboration in what may seem to some unnecessary length and detail: for in all my long experience I do not remember an instance of spirit return more obviously characteristic and evidential, and my only regret is that I cannot make all the circumstances and all the relationships as clear to others as they are to myself.

## XIV

### CONCLUSION

1920

The latter portion of the sitting, account of which is initiated in the preceding chapter, was taken up by several old communicators, Richard Hodgson appearing first, but the spelling of my name in the rapid writing looks more like "Richards" than anything else. If it was meant for that, it was apparently a reflex from the name just preceding in the writing. He manifests the same characteristics as formerly, bursting in like a sudden shot, and using emphatic expressions, though on the whole his peculiar mannerisms seem modified and subdued, as though he had mastered the art of control, and perhaps had gotten farther away from earthly things. He said:

Well, well, Miss Robbins, are you my friend?  
R. H.

(Of course, don't you know that?)

How goes our work? How are you getting on? Never mind gray days. What do they amount to, any way?

(Nothing, absolutely nothing.)

Cheer up and never allow yourself to get down in any case. You need spiritual help, light and uplift occasionally. Every mortal does, and if church doesn't give it, something else must.

I told him that I came to speak about my work, and we then carried on quite a long conversation about publication. I read to him a brief resumé of my records, and he interrupted from time to time, approving or adding a word of comment. When I said that the important thing in life was to develop one's own spiritual nature, which in the long run, while not destroying faith, makes dependence upon actual communication wane, he interrupted with:

Good again! I approve heartily, as spiritual growth is the key note to communication with God and all individuals or personalities on our side.

I referred to the matter of publication, as to whether it was best to publish in New York or Boston, and I mentioned the names of certain Boston publishers who might accept what I had to offer. The reply from Hodgson was:

They are good, but another place will take it. My old friend Holt will help you. . . . I advise Holt's advice and help.

This reference by the Hodgson control to his old friend was entirely out of the blue, so far as I was concerned: for, while I had had in mind the names of several publishers to whom I might apply, the person referred to was not one of them, and I certainly never knew that he was one whom Hodgson would specially name as his "old friend."

I continued:

(I was in hopes that I might get something to-night in the way of communication that would be perfectly splendid.)

Give us time. We cannot fly in an airplane, as Raymond does to catch up with his father's plans.

It may be remembered that it was this very winter that Sir Oliver Lodge came to the United States on his now famous lecturing tour, going back and forth from big city to big city, arousing much interest in the subject of continued life after death and the evidence therefor, and calling forth criticism, favorable and otherwise, from the press of the entire country,



from one coast to the other. He was at the moment of this sitting supposed to be somewhere on the Pacific shore, or on his way back to the Atlantic. His son Raymond, on the Other Side, might well have had difficulty in following his father closely except in an airplane, or by some other invisible means of transportation yet unknown to our world. At any rate, the reference is extremely pertinent.

The two communicators known as Hiram and the General both put in a word, the former speaking briefly, but assuring me that he was the "*very* same yesterday, to-day and to-morrow." This communicator dates back to 1886. The second one dates back to 1903. The General seems to have been often present and assisting other spirits: for he said my mother sent her love, and after asking a question relating to the physical condition of my sister Grace, and receiving advice, I said: "Is this mother saying this?" and the reply was, "Yes, through the General as assistant." Then came the words:

We do know the best way out of difficulties. Cannot you see how we want to obviate difficulties?

(Yes, I can, and I think she sees still more clearly.)

More spiritually, certainly. Yes, friend, this is our meaning exactly. Now speak and say what you *please*.

[This was evidently by Rector.]

(Before the time goes I would like to know if Richard Hodgson or any one else has anything special to say that I should print?)

Philosophy leave out, criticism also. Leave all with open-mindedness and precision. Let mortals analyze and criticize as they see fit, so to express it. . . . Do not try to overdo anything. Just keep calmly working on the growth of our subject and its exceedingly persistent working out of God's own laws. You have grown stronger in determination, understanding, and yet you began by picking up the half-open buds. Now the leaves are fully grown and you hold them in the hollow of your hand. U. D. our meaning?

(Yes, I do, and I am pleased to have you think so.)

We speak not idly but with understanding and *wisdom*.

It is growing dim. I am going soon. But before I leave remember the dominating factors in your life are faith, trust, hope, love, peace and understanding, not forgetting patience and perseverance, friend. These are the

keynotes to all things beautiful. May God in his loving wisdom, mercy and goodness be with, watch over, guide and keep you in His holy keeping! Never falter, never fail, and nothing will ever fail you. Hearest thou me?

(I hear all. Please sign now for these last words.)

G ✠ + + R.— I. S. D.

Farewell and may all joys be thine! Everlasting love and the continual guidance of your faithful friends as above registered.

(I am exceedingly obliged. I will not tax you more unless you wish.)

It only remains to add in reference to this sitting, that I enjoyed it immensely: for it seemed to be fully as good as many sittings of the earlier days, if not better, and the machinery of communication was much more easily handled.

Mrs. Piper's peculiar gift, then, still exists, and is in demand by persons newly interested in the subject, or to whom the phenomena are new, yet being permanently under contract with the Society for Psychical Research, she feels obliged to conform to their wishes and advice in regard to the exercise of her gift, and the work naturally must be more or less restricted

to the end that it shall not interfere too much with her normal life, which normal life she thoroughly enjoys. In fact, she appears to-day to be in excellent health and spirits, and as illustration, or in confirmation, of this, I am tempted to quote a few words, apparently written on the impulse of the moment, included in a friendly note of invitation addressed to me under date of April 14, 1920, in anticipation of which I will once more make it plain that for a long period my daily occupation has taken me to the Massachusetts State Capitol, where I have sat beneath the structure once wittily dubbed by one of Boston's best loved poets "the hub of the universe." My residence has been nearby, Mrs. Piper's being several miles from this center, though still within the city limits.

She says:

"Isn't this a lovely, balmy day! Although a little cool it reminds one that Dame Nature is already arousing from her long sleep. The buds are bursting into a delicate shade of green and the robins are again with us, in fact everything bespeaks the approaching Spring. I picture you wending your way back and forth from the gilded dome on Beacon Hill, taking your part in the business life of our interesting city.



Yet by no means are you deprived of the exquisite touches of Spring that are to be seen on Boston Common. One must be adamant indeed who does not feel the change from the long, cold, stormy New England winter. Yet *I* did not mind the winter because I love nature. I simply *love* it in all its phases."

After what I have written about her, and what she here writes of herself, if mediumship is to be judged by its leading example, it must be normal if anything is.

Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

April, 1920.

My book was to end at this point, but while my manuscript was in the hands of the printer another sitting took place, an account of which I think should be included here, thus bringing my record up to the close of 1920. The opportunity for this sitting came as a great surprise to me, for Mrs. Piper had not returned to her city residence for the winter, and I had not seen her all summer. It appears, however, that on November 10, 1920, the following message came:

"John wishes to speak — young man — wishes to speak with his sister. There are some things on his mind which he would be

glad to have an opportunity to give voice to. He wishes to free his mind. His name is John and his sister Anne. But we are not sure of the conditions nor the consequences.

"This message to be sent without delay. Attend to this at once. R. H."

I assume that the first paragraph of this message came through the regular control, and that Richard Hodgson stepped in and gave the order that the matter be attended to without delay. While the actual script did not come into my hands for some considerable time, its substance was promptly communicated to me, and opportunity for a sitting was offered at the earliest possible date.

After the usual words of greeting from Rector, my brother put in an appearance and remained the principal communicator during almost the entire hour. Conversation was carried on between us practically without interruption, except for an occasional misunderstanding in the reading of the script. There were references to different members of his family, and one quite good test about an "old gray horse" which he once owned and which I barely remembered, the detailed description of which has since been fully confirmed to me by one of his sons. I shall, however, omit

most of these references and give as connectedly as possible the conversation on points which I think may be of general interest.

EXTRACTS FROM SITTING OF NOV. 16, 1920

*Rector controlling*

Well, well, Anne, hello! This is John. Don't you know me? Heavens! I am glad to see you again here in this very way. I know all that has been going on, but a thousand didn't seem to compare with the happiness Harold and I found. I heard you talking it all over and I just sat back and laughed and laughed. But you were kind and I am truly glad you were helpful when you were needed. Tell me if you do not think I am doing well and helping Richard in his school work. Can't you hear me? Mother says, "Go on, John, my boy, do not stop until your mind is freer; then I'll come in and send my love to my own."

(John, go on and say all you want to. I want to know if you think it was because I had so many friends over there that you were able to come so soon?)

Yes, and that only was why I was so clear. I never found anything like this before and never hope to again. You were so much wiser

than I, I cannot get over it yet. I was pretty stubborn about it, wasn't I?

(Yes, indeed, you were.)

I am sorry but I have already atoned for it, and now I want to tell you something about my own feeling and experiences here. First, Harold met me and took me into the coolest atmosphere I ever was in, and all was so light and clear, but it smelt like ether to me, and Harold said, "Father, do you know where you are?" I said, "Yes, asleep, I think; am I dreaming?" "No, father, you are in the spiritual world. Come and let's talk it all over." My head seemed a bit confused, but almost immediately it began to dawn upon me that I had actually come to the world of spirits. Really, Anne, I can never really tell you what a joy it was to me to recall our conversations about this very world, and then I looked back through the opening and saw you all dark still. I was thunderstruck, and then I began to speak to you, but you slept on and on, and would not reply until a doctor found me and said, "Come here, my friend, I'll show you how to speak." And then I told him I wished to finish what I wished to say. He said, "Attend to this *at once* while he is clear." So here I am ready to explain my own weaknesses and difficulties in following what I thought was in your life hal-



lucination, but if you knew how ashamed I am of it now you would accept my apology for my stubbornness. What have you got to say about that, Anne?

(John, I think I understood you when you were in this life, and I knew that light would come to you some time, so all I had to do was to be patient. Now may I ask a question?)

Yes, speak to me as you would if you could see me.

(You spoke of the ether at first. Do you think that the atmosphere over there smelt like ether to you, or was it because you had ether about you here when you were in your last sickness?)

A bit of both as I know and understand it *now*. Ether to help my body to survive there, and ethereal ether here to help me recover *here*.

(Do you mean they administered ether over there to help you recover?)

*Exactly*, and my mind became as clear as possible and has been ever since, *grand*.

(John, although you were stubborn you had a pretty clear mind here about many things.)

I wasn't exactly an idiot, but I used to like my own way pretty well, and really did not want to see some things. But mother says, "John, you have changed so much I cannot but

feel great happiness in your wonderful progress." Sing any now, Anne?

(Do you mean me, singing?)

You used to make a noise at home I remember.

(Haven't you got me confused —)

Grace, no, you used to try, but she used to sing.

(Yes, I understand.)

Stanley says there never was any one exactly like Grace, and I am inclined to agree, if I did try to hold on to that old shingle.

(Just what do you mean by shingle?)

Things I would not give up.

(Yes. John, do you want to tell me something about what you are doing now?)

Yes. I am not working here as I did there, but father and I are interested in the constitution and conditions of the planets. Harold is remarkably clear about these already.

(Well, do you know much about the planets there?)

Of course we do. I know what constitutes what is called a star, also the satellites. *I do*. I am scientifically interested in this.

(But how is it that when you had no special science here you can go ahead so fast there?)

Because this is one of the laws of this life

and *world*, quite different from the material, I can assure you.

(Do you have to do any special part of helping others, like work?)

Certainly, I study and impart my knowledge to others in the capacity of *teacher*. You will be interested to know that I do not intend to be a sluggard intellectually when you arrive.

(Would you have taken up the study of the planets if father had not been so interested in them?)

I doubt it very much, but he is so persistent and is so wise in his understanding and choice of this work, it has opened my eyes greatly.

. . . . .

(Tell me something more about what you do.)

I am so interested in the working out of life and the conditions attendant upon it that I am making a profound study of it, and this is where the planets come in. I am studying into the planets. In other words, Anne, I am studying the planets. Got my point?

(Yes, but do you know anything more than we do as to whether they are inhabited?)

Yes, but this is a long problem which I shall take up later. Only I wanted you to understand me absolutely and my relative position.

I thought since you knew so much about this life I might perhaps give you some idea about it for the purpose of helping you out, since I am here and you are there. I shall feel blessed indeed after talking with you and freeing my mind. I wanted to get everything off my mind so I could go on and on helping father, mother and Harold my son. Where are Richard and Walter? I know they are not here, but in the material *world*. My love to them both.

. . . . .

I want Richard, and so does mother, to grow up to be a *real man*. Thank you, Anne, for your help and interest in him.

(I hope you and mother both will do all you can to watch over and help him.)

He needs our help and he receives it. I never leave him for a *day*. He is coming into his own and will be what we wish him to be. Now, Anne, I must be going along, and there are others to send a word of greeting to you.

(I am very glad you called for me, and I understand that you could not go on *in peace* until you had spoken to me again?)

*Exactly that.* Mr. Hodgson helped me find you. He is a great old chap. I can tell you he goes about helping everybody here. I never



knew him before, only vaguely through you. Mother sends you her love and is glad you keep her in your memory. Laura also. She is a splendid sister to me and has helped me wonderfully. Also your old Hiram has a hand in my progress. He is very helpful *here*. I like him. . . . General is simply a man of power and intelligence, fully alive and working for you always. . . .

(Yes.)

Then here is H-y-p-l-o-p.

(That is not spelled quite right, is it?)

Something like it.

(Is he there with you?)

Yes, and rushing about like a duck. That is the best comparison I can think of. He wants to break through the veil.

(Does he know this minute that you are speaking to me?)

Yes, he does, and he was so attracted by you he had to speak, whisper only.

(Do you mean he only whispers to you?)

Yes.

(Well, does he want to speak to me?)

Yes, but he cannot yet, only whisper that all is well, better than he thought.

(I am quite delighted to get even that much from him.)

He has been trying for days to make me

come so he could whisper his name if nothing more. Love and greetings, he says.

(Give him my sincere greetings.)

Yes, I will. So many wish to speak, but the light is growing dim. I will send you a message soon again and whenever I can catch the light. Speak now and say all you wish. You have made *all* right *now*. I thank you. John Robbins.

[The name written very large, the first name plain, the second not.]

(Is that Robbins?)

That is my name.

(Good bye, John. Be good and helpful.)

*Ditto*, I will surely. Love to dear old Grace *girl*.

Rector, in closing the Light, says: "Remember life is everlasting and your friends will never fail to reach you on your side."

After the pencil was dropped Mrs. Piper whispered to me a name, saying, "put it down quickly." Then to my great astonishment she went on uttering brief, disconnected sentences, in a whisper or low tone of voice, and I at once saw, by the appearance of her eyes and by her manner, that she was not conscious of what she was saying, or only partially so. It carried me back to the earlier days when she would be per-

haps twenty minutes coming out of deep trance, slowly gaining control of her unwieldy body, one of the most interesting portions of the sitting. But in these latter years I had not had one word of communication by voice, hence my surprise. These disconnected phrases do not seem impressive when put into cold type, but to the understanding sitter they are very significant, as confirmatory of what has just before come in writing. A few of the fragments on this occasion follow: —

[Laughing] General reciting poetry — [laughing not very naturally] — he is fat and handsome as he can be — and Hiram is right the reverse — and John has a way of looking at you just as though he was looking right through you — he looks like his father, doesn't he, and yet he looks like you — he has a very determined expression about his mouth, and he is so happy, and he is going on and on and on — he says, well, I settled that question once for all — well, Anne wasn't the fool I thought she was, ha! ha! — and this is my son Harold — we are a happy pair and Laura sends her love also — what a beautiful person she is — she says tell my sister Grace there is no death, and hold fast to it — Good-bye.

[Looking up naturally as if coming to herself]

It's gone. That's all.

(You didn't hear any snapping, did you?)

Yes, when I said "it's gone," I heard it snap.

Formerly, when coming out of deep trance, Mrs. Piper rarely if ever omitted to speak of this snapping in the head, almost always asking, "Did you hear my head snap?" as if the sitter ought to have heard what she heard.

In conversation immediately after the close of the sitting she remarked: "You know, it is so much more interesting to be able to recover so quickly and so clearly, quite the reverse I think of what it used to be." When I asked if she remembered anything of what she had just been saying, she seemed quite astonished and said she remembered nothing.

This last conversation with my brother in the spirit seems to make itself clear as it proceeds, but a few statements in explanation or corroboration may properly be in place here.

His opening remark that "a thousand didn't seem to compare with the happiness" seems a strange comparison. I did not give it much thought at the time, letting it pass as one of his peculiar expressions, and not until the fifth day after the sitting did it occur to me that he might have had in mind the thousand dollars which I am told was the exact amount of the compromise settlement for damages caused by



the accident through which he lost his life. But how he happened to hit upon the exact amount, I do not know. Such matters are usually the subject of much family discussion. Perhaps he heard the discussion in this case. It would be like him to make the comparison between a thousand dollars and heaven.

As to the singing, he was of course right in saying that Grace sang, while I only tried. His mention of Stanley in this connection was most pertinent, Mr. Stanley having been a member of the music committee in the church in Connecticut where my sister, as a member of a quartet, sang for a number of years; also, as her husband, he would quite naturally be partial to her singing. My brother himself was not much of a musician, but he was extremely fond of music. There were many impromptu musicales in the old home, and he enjoyed nothing better than being present when they took place, to hear "the girls" sing.

In all probability the question will occur to many, why a person like Dr. Hyslop, a psychologist, a scientist, many years of whose life were earnestly devoted to psychical research, and who in life was familiar with Mrs. Piper's mediumship, should be able only to whisper through a second party that all was well, better than he thought, while a person like my

brother should so quickly appreciate his new situation and realize the possibility of his return to me. I do not know. The conversation itself partly answers the question. Dr. Hyslop passed away in the early summer of 1920. He had had a long illness, of a nature which must have weakened him considerably. My brother's passing was caused by an accident, and there was no lingering illness. In looking over his effects soon after his death I discovered a Bible, almost new, and when I expressed surprise, some one who had been in his surroundings said that what he wanted the Bible for was that he might discuss it in an attempt to disprove its truth. Perhaps there was a deeper-lying reason which the people in his surroundings could not see. At any rate, while neither a professional nor a literary man, he did some thinking. Again, the occasion of this sitting was my brother's opportunity and not Dr. Hyslop's, and no doubt those on the Other Side who are in charge of this Light well knew that the rapport between communicator and sitter in this instance would work results which might spread some little additional light on the great problem which they are trying to help us solve. And after all there is plenty of evidence to show that the return of the so-called dead is not a matter either of education or of science.

The determined seeker after truth, educated or uneducated, marches on. Science must follow and explain.

My brother's characterization of friends of mine on the Other Side whom he never saw in this life is, so far as it goes, good. Some of his remarks in this connection I have omitted, owing to their intimate nature. I forbear to comment on his comparison of Dr. Hyslop to a "duck rushing about." There will be probably a considerable difference of opinion, among the intimate friends of Dr. Hyslop who may read these words, as to the aptness of the comparison.

As to Mrs. Piper's utterances when coming out of trance, or as on this occasion at the close of the hour of automatic writing when not in deep trance, she appears to be standing on the threshold between two worlds, to be slowly and reluctantly leaving a group of people, looking to catch last glimpses of them, listening to catch their last words, then turning her face to our world and repeating what she sees and hears,—in simple truth, a medium of communication between souls that are freed from the flesh and souls still imprisoned within it.

THE END

*November, 1920.*





## INDEX

- Age in spirit world, 96,  
97
- Alanson (Moore), 205,  
206, 236; *see also* Pic-  
kett
- "All-seeing eye" of Im-  
perator, 140
- Alta, Miss. *See* Piper,  
Miss Alta
- Augustus, baby, 37, 47,  
54
- Automatic writing, first  
attempts, 8, 9; value of,  
22; vigilant, 159, 218,  
219; editing of, 210
- Awakening in the spirit,  
28
- Baby (Martin), 36, 47,  
54
- Baby (Plumb), 119-123
- Bancroft, Margaret, 159-  
174, 220, 221
- Birds in spirit world, 69
- Birthday party, test, 203-  
205
- "Black people," 16
- Breath, going out for, 53,  
64
- Butler, Mrs., medical  
medium, 224
- Clergymen on Other Side,  
40, 69
- Communication, process  
of described, 40-42, 75,  
109, 130; frequent,  
detrimental to spirit,  
100
- Consciousness after death,  
118
- Controls: the Phinuit, 4;  
the Hart, 6; the Rec-  
tor, 11, 13; the Mar-  
tin, 77, 80; the Mme.  
G., 195, 226; charac-  
teristics of the Hodg-  
son, 250
- Cord, ethereal, 75, 83,  
130
- Death never an accident,  
95

- Desire is realization, 69, 72
- Doctor, of Imperator group, 11
- Dreams, 19, 170
- E. A. F., poem by, 162; letter from, 167; message to, 168, 169
- Ecstasy after passing out, 66
- Elements of spirit world, 70
- Ether administered on Other Side, 260, 261
- Everett (Martin), 51, 113
- Everett, William (Martin), 37, 54
- "Everlasting eye" of Imperator, 91
- Faces recognized in spirit, 67; celestial, 142, 143
- Farmer, Miss Sarah, 85
- Father, 102, 112, 243, 262, 263
- "Faunus message," 193
- Firmament, 142, 143
- Flowers on Other Side, 68
- Funeral seen by spirit, 56
- G., Mme., control, 195, 226; her special signature, 241, 255
- "G. P. communications," 10
- General. *See* Martin
- Gestures of hand, 23, 239
- Gettysburg, 55
- Grace. *See* Moore, Mrs.
- Greenacre on the Piscataqua, 81-88
- Grocyn, 11
- H., 9, 12, 221, 222; *see also* Hart
- Hanscom, Orinton M., 59-62, 178, 179
- Happiness in spirit, dependent, 97
- Harold, 150-154, 176, 207, 260
- Hart, Hiram, 5, 6, 9, 12, 28, 45, 64
- Health, 49
- Hiram. *See* Hart
- Hodgson, Dr. Richard, introduction to Mrs. Piper, 5; early experiments, 8, 9; attitude

- toward Emperor group, 20, 21; death of, 19; message from, for Mrs. Piper, 20; blending of personalities, 125-130, 180, 181; special messages from, 180, 187, 208, 233; prophecies by, 197, 218; "three psychic states" described by, 229; Phinuit found by, 232; recommends Holt's advice, 252; aids John to return, 258, 260
- Holt, Henry, 24; observations on the Martin communications, 25, 26; advice of, recommended by Hodgson, 252
- Horton, Rev. Edward A., 57
- Hyslop, Dr. James H., 21, 23; death of, 270; "wants to break through the veil," 265
- Imperator, leader of spirit group, 11; watches surgical operation, 76; his "ever-lasting eye," 91; his "all-seeing eye," 140
- Imperator group, 11; attitude of Dr. Hodgson toward, 20, 21; their special care of the Light, 92, 104; authority of, 91, 110, 116
- Individuality retained, 42
- Interpretation of dreams, 20, 170
- Involuntary writing. *See* automatic writing
- I. S. D. (Imperator Servus Dei), 219, 236, 241, 255
- James, Professor William, 5, 21, 220; communications from, 190-192
- John (Robbins), 238-249, 259-266; character of, 207, 245; relation to Richard, 207, 240, 248; death of, 240; message to Grace from, 243; smells ether on passing out, 260, 261; brings Dr. Hyslop to the Light, 265
- K., Mrs., medium, 164

- Language of controls, 24  
 Laura (grandmother), 120-123, 144  
 Laura (sister), 120-123, 176; death of, 102; communicates clearly, 111, 112; tests from, to Grace, 200-205  
 Letters of Mrs. Piper, 155-157, 171, 172, 188, 256  
 Light, term used for medium, 75; burning, 38, 75, 109, 138  
 Lodge, Sir Oliver, reports made to, 169, 173, 228; "Faunus message" for, 193; in United States, 252  
 Longfellow, 4  
 Luminosity, 72  
 "Many mansions," literally true, 96  
 Martin, General Augustus P., official positions, 12, 13; character of, 12, 13; lingering illness, 15; death of, 15; voice communications from, 22-144; quoting poetry natural to, 30, 78, 137; medium not recognized by, 35, 63, 83; process of communication described by, 40-42, 75, 109, 130; characterized by Rector, 48; goes out to get breath, 53, 64; takes direct control, 77, 80; George Pelham and, 93, 94; his guiding spirit, 102, 103; refers to Myers, 123, 138; violets test, 198, 199, 220  
 Material, details not grasped, 36  
 Max (Plumb), 120  
 M. B., 159-174  
 Mediumship of Mrs. Piper, 4, 255  
 Messages, independent, 175-186, 194, 200, 211, 214  
 Metempsychosis, 26, 71, 94, 143  
 Moore, Mrs., 51, 132, 133, 262; singing of "The Suwanee River," 134, 135; tests for, 200-205; attracts spirit friends, 205; messages for, from Alanson, 205, 236; men-



- tal appeal responded to, 223-226; return of Stanley to, 230, 231; apology from John to, 242, 243
- Mother, 176, 177, 190, 264, 265
- Music in spirit world, 67, 68
- Musical instruments, 68, 72
- Myers, F. W. H., 11, 123, 124, 138, 193
- Names forgotten in spirit, 52; heard by spirits, 86
- Occupations in spirit world, 70-74, 141, 262, 263
- Orin, 63, 178; *see also* Hanscom
- Pain, none in spirit, 96
- Passing out, special experiences after, 43-46, 56, 65-70, 89, 260, 261
- "Pearly gates" real, 141
- "Pelham," George, 10, 11, 93, 94
- Perfume, 142
- Personalities, blending of, 125-130, 180, 181
- Phenomena, psychological, 23
- Phinuit, Dr., early control, 4, 5; early experiments with, 8; last conversation with, 10; found in spirit world by Hodgson, 232
- Photograph recognized by communicator, 128
- Physician, return of, 49
- Pickett (Moore), 144, 206, 223, 226; *see also* Alanson
- Pictures in spirit world, 46
- Piddington, J. G., 21
- Piper, Mr., 4
- Piper, Miss Alta, 167, 168, 170, 172, 215; assists at sittings, 184, 189, 216, 228
- Piper, Mrs., 3; develops mediumship, 4; controlled by Dr. Phinuit, 4; acquaintance with James and Hodgson, 5; in England, 5, 20, 155; first automatic writing, 8, 9; illness of, 10, 156;

- controlled by Rector, 11; special message for, 20; gestures of hand, 23, 239; controlled by Martin, 77, 80; letters of, 155-157, 171, 172, 188, 256; development of vigilant writing, 159-174; poem on, 162; temporary return of deep trance, 187-193; controlled by Mme. G., 195, 226; varied psychic states of, 229; under contract with S. P. R., 255; enjoys normal life, 256
- Poland Spring, 42, 112, 113
- "Popping in" by communicators, 64, 221, 222
- Prayer of spirits, 73, 74
- Preparation for communication, 41
- Priests, Imperator group called, 31, 35
- Prophecies by Imperator, 14; by Rector, 150; by Hodgson, 197, 218
- Prudens, 11, 76, 110
- Psychic states, three, 228, 229
- R., 243, 244; *see also* Richard
- Raymond (Lodge), 193, 252, 253
- Records, 22, 23
- Rector, control, 11; first use of voice by, 13; style of, 13; "servant of God," 28; opens and closes the Light, 48, 111; copies gestures of communicator, 72; "within the shell," 75; instructs communicator, 241
- R. H. *See* Hodgson
- Richard (Robbins), 207, 240, 259, 264
- Robbins, Miss A. M., 3; attitude toward psychics, 5; assists Dr. Hodgson, 7; reports "G. P. communications," 10; relation to Martin, 12, 13, 15, 32; interpretation of dreams, 20, 170; watched over by Imperator, 140; held to

- responsibility by controls, 187, 188, 195, 196, 215, 240, 241; letter from James to, 191; cannot induce the writing, 212, 213; peculiar relation to John, 245, 246
- Robbins, John. *See* John
- S., Mrs. *See* Spencer
- S., Mrs., medium, 98-100, 122
- Saints, Emperor group called, 79, 92
- Sarah (Farmer), 84, 85
- Scenery, natural, 66, 141
- "Science and a Future Life" (Hyslop), 23
- Scientific laws, 24
- Shell, body of medium, 75
- Sidgwick, Mrs. Henry, 21
- Signatures of controls, 219, 236, 241, 255
- "Singing in the cherry tree," 200-202
- Sleep, none in spirit world, 74
- Smith, Mrs. Hester Travers, 26
- Soul consciousness, 118
- Spencer, Mrs., 233, 234
- Spheres, 71, 94, 143
- Spirit, the, goes out during sleep, 83, 88
- Spirit body transparent, 56
- Spirit world, telepathy perfected in, 25, 26, 67; awakening in, 28; ecstasy, 66; music in, 67, 68, 72; flowers, 68; elements of, sustaining, 70; spheres, 71, 94, 143; objects luminiferous in, 72; spirits do not grow old in, 96, 97; happiness in, somewhat dependent, 97; pearly gates real, 141
- Spirits, awakening of, 28; prayer of, 73, 74; do not suffer pain, 96; frequent communication detrimental to, 100; music on earth heard by, 133-135; reproof by, 105-109, 223-225
- Stanley, Mr., 230, 231, 262, 269
- Suicide, effect of, 74
- Surgical operation, 76
- "Suwanee River, The," 134, 135

- Telepathy, 25, 26, 67; between the dead and the living, 79, 119; incidents suggestive of, 183-186, 194-196, 241
- Tests, 23, 217; special: name of baby, 37, 105; Suwanee River, 134, 135; violets in home, 198, 199, 220; singing in cherry tree, 200-202; birthday party, 203-205; "don't know anything except about spirits," 241-243, 246, 247
- Thoughts sent over a line, 41; go over wires, 80; in the body inspired, 57, 58, 119
- Trance, coming out of, 16, 131, 144, 266, 267, 271; deep, 22, 159, 164, 189, 229, 267; inability to enter, 156; temporary return of, 187-193
- Transparency of spirit body, 56
- Veil, blinding, 66
- Vibration, laws of, 79
- Visions, 142, 143
- Voice communications, 13, 22-144
- "Voices from the Void" (Smith), 26
- Walter (Robbins), 264
- W. J., 190, 192
- "White people," 16
- Writing. *See* automatic writing
- Writing, vigilant, appearance of medium during, 159, 218, 219, 239, 266









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